



1937



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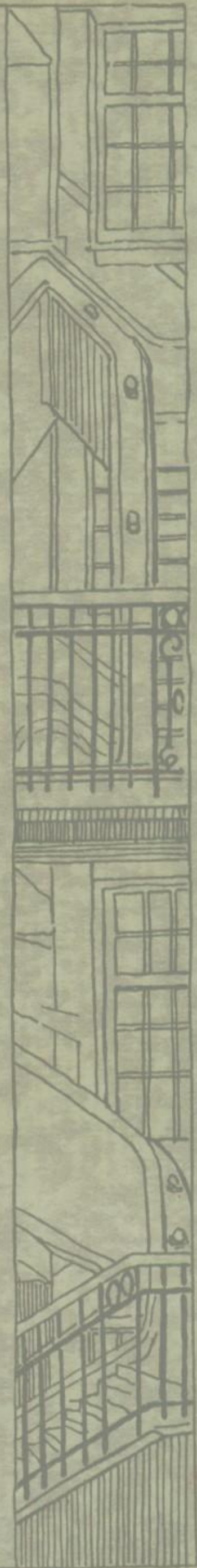


1937



SOLDAN

HIGHSCHOOL



STAR

Harold Stern
6/15/37

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS UNDER DIRECTION OF THE
FACULTY : FRANK LOUIS SOLDAN HIGH SCHOOL : SAINT LOUIS
: VOLUME FORTY : NUMBER ONE : JUNE 1937 :



Anna E. Hickey

In Memoriam

MEMORY lingers upon her name with tender recollection.

Anna E. Hickey was ever and always a gentle soul; and she impressed her gentleness upon every one who knew her.

Some of us whose privilege it was to be associated with her in the faculty of Soldan High School have happy memories also of an earlier time when we were privileged to study under her gentle guidance.

It is good to remember the understanding friendliness that glowed unfailingly in her eyes. It is good to remember the slow smile that wreathed her lips. Somehow, she helped us to place right values upon the things that engaged our efforts worthily, as also upon the things that perplexed us unduly.

We of her school circle share with her family the precious knowledge that she lived for those she loved.



Night View
of the
Entrance

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Herbert P. Stellwagen

DEAR SOLDAN FOLKS:

Inspiration and encouragement come to us in the splendid possibilities of you, the Soldan boys and girls, and in the excellence in many phases of your attitude, your spirit, and your achievement. Your successes make us constantly more anxious, more in earnest, more determined to provide for you at Soldan opportunities of the highest order and to help you to the best use of your privileges here in growth and development in the many important aspects of equipment in splendid manhood and womanhood.

In hopes for you, in plans for realization of these hopes, and in devoted work in executing the plans in your service, the faculty of your school seeks earnestly to assist you to build up in you efficiency, sureness, distinction along various lines, to help you to determine to acquire, and really to acquire, that fullness, that completeness of attainment in all things beautiful, strong, most excellent in living and doing and serving. Plans for you include many objectives as hoped-for results in you: knowledges and skills in various departments of information and learning; realization of the dignity of work; the disposition to and the habit of supreme effort against all obstacles to success in all undertakings; many worthy interests to make leisure meaningful; robustness in health; cheerfulness, friendliness in disposition; that perfection of understanding, sympathy, tolerance that means true courtesy and respect for the rights of all others; the will to and the practice of service in individual and general welfare of others near and far; respect for and obedience to properly constituted law and authority; fearlessness of leadership in right directions; independence and clearness and sureness in thinking in any situation; ability to undertake what needs to be done, with confidence, with enthusiasm, and with faithful application; the beauties of noble character and their unfailing expression in thought, in achievement, in service in all human interrelationships.

Each of these and of others is of very great importance for each of you in building for you the highest happiness and usefulness. However, most important of all, most fundamental to real success in any line, most necessary to the great satisfactions which a fine life can include, more important indeed than all else combined, are the lovely, the powerful, the impelling virtues of worthy character.

"Character means respect for and loyalty to one's inner self, a passion to keep it inviolate; it means unfailing consideration for the rights and needs of one's fellows. It means the courage to fight the battles and make the sacrifices which are inevitable in preserving the integrity of one's soul and practicing sound and unfailing consideration for others. It means the courage and the intelligence to recognize that man's life and achievements are subject to the laws of growth, that there are no short cuts, no logical formulas, that there is only labor, patience, and faith. Character is something which permits no alibis."

In these words of Ida M. Tarbell are expressed the importance of right character, its power in the person himself, and its influence in relationships to those with whom the person has contacts.

It is our greatest hope for every boy and girl that all influences that are at work in affecting his development and progress, and that his every reaction thereto day by day will further the great virtues of noble character: honor, honesty, squareness, reliability, faithfulness, high purpose. May you all see the glorious vision of the great dignity and beauty that shine in those who are truly worthy in character! May you all

understand the meaning, the far-reaching influence, the joyous inspiration of such lives! May you each be inspired to build your life on such solid foundation!

Day by day, in every situation, are occasions for choosing to be completely square. So choosing, new strength is added, new sureness comes in these terrifically important aspects. In each such situation, the person concerned is either completely honest or he is not honest; he is entirely honorable or he is not honorable; he is trustworthy or he is not to be trusted; he can be relied on for rightness of attitude and performance or he is not reliable; he is actuated by high purpose or his purpose is not good enough; he is faithfully on the job or he is not faithful. Miss Tarbell is right: "Character is something which permits no alibis."

To build sureness, staunchness of right character, there must be no wavering, no uncertainty, no serving of low or selfish purposes. Firmness in these matters grows and becomes part of the person acting, if he remains true time after time, over and over again, if he follows the gleam constantly. What a marvelous result is the attainment of utter worthiness of character! How far-reaching is such accomplishment! Keep the vision clear before you!

I like these words by Wallace Dunbar Vincent. I believe that you, too, will like them.

"How high are you? Where is your thinking done—
Close to the earth, or upward toward the sun?
Do petty things absorb your ev'ry thought—
The game, the latest crime, what's sold and bought?
Do noble deeds and lives inspire your zeal,
Or are you more concerned about a meal?
How high, or low, is your most cherished plan?
The answer marks your stature as a man.

"How broad are you? Where does your good-will end—
Does race or creed determine who's your friend?
To your snap-judgments do you cling with pride,
Or do you listen to the other side?
Quick to condemn, are you prompt with the rod,
Or do you leave the chastening to God?
How loyal is your heart to all mankind?
The answer marks the broadness of your mind.

"How deep are you? Where does your honor start—
Is it embedded in your inmost heart?
Do you count virtue a convenient thing
To practice, or, sore tried, aside to fling?
Have you the courage by your code to bide,
And fight for right, though on the losing side?
'Tis thus God reckons, through life's little span,
The veritable measure of a man!"

Sincerely yours,

HERBERT P. STELLWAGEN.

Soldan Faculty

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Mrs. Alice M. Poston

LUNCH ROOM

May I. Bouton



COLORS: Red, White, Blue, Buff.

Class Song

Words by Froman Hulbert

Music by Martha Allen Windmuller and Froman Hulbert

I

Time has ended our glorious sojourn
In thy immortal halls of learning,
But in our hearts, when we are parted,
Thoughts of thee will e'er be burning.

II

Wending onward, we'll "Spare No Effort,"
Striving to mount the heights of greatness;
Freedom and Honour, Truth and Courtesy,
These we'll cherish in our progress.

CHORUS

We salute thee, Soldan High,
May thy name be always bright!
Now we'll sing a last good-bye;
May our struggle be for right!
Here in spirit e'er we'll be,
While fond memories linger nigh.
Love and gratitude to thee,
Alma Mater, Soldan High!

Autographs

Sims / Gold Eberhard

Jerry Eberhard

To my pal,
Sam E. Racansky:



Officers and Sponsors

Class of January, 1937

CLYDE NEWHOUSE . . Senior President. Honor Society. Football Squad, '35, '36; Letterman, '35, '36. Service Club, '34-'36. Magicians Club. Senior Motto Committee. Senior Social Committee. Senior Ring Committee. Basketball; Business Manager, '36. Inter-Class Basketball, '36.

EVELYN T. ERFER . . Senior Secretary. Honor Society. Service Club, '35, '36. Scrippage, '36; News Editor. G.A.A., '33-'36. Small "S"; Large "S"; Missouri "M." Pep Club, '33-'36; Secretary, '35, '36. Scrip Staff, '36. Hiking and Sketching Club, '36; Vice-President. Harmonica Club, Pianist, '35. Junior Chaminade, '33, '34. Senior Banner Committee.

BETTY BRAINARD . . Senior Vice-President. Honor Society. Service Club, '35, '36. Senior Social Committee; Chairman. Pep Club, '35, '36; Treasurer, '35. Scrip Staff, '36. G.A.A., '33-'36; Junior "S"; Senior "S"; Missouri "M." Two Year Scholarship Seal. Hiking and Sketching Club, '36. Senior Banner Committee. Agora, '35, '36.

WALTER EVANS . . Senior Treasurer. Honor Society. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Scrip Staff, '36. Midget Track; Letterman, '34; Captain, '34. Band, '35.

MISS MARGUERITE GEORGE . . Sponsor.

MR. ERNEST HARES . . Sponsor.



ADELE CORMAN . . Service Club, '36. Ha Ivria, '33-'36. Senior Ribbon Committee. G.A.A., '33-'36; Small "S"; Missouri "M."

DAVE LOUIS CORNFELD . . Honor Society; Marshal. Service Club, '34-'36. Mathematics Club, '35, '36; Treasurer, Fall, '35; Secretary, Spring, '36; President, Fall, '36. Rostrum, '34, '35. Chess Club, '34-'36; Marshal, Spring, '36; Vice-President, Fall, '36. Stamp Club, '34, '35. Senior Motto Committee. Senior Finance Committee.

PEGGY WOLFHEIM . . Composer of Music to Senior Class Song. Mixed Chorus, '36; Librarian, '36. Washington U. Contest, '35. Les Chanteuses, '35.

DOROTHY BURJOSKY . . Skating Club, '34. Patrons' Alliance Show, '35. Dramatic Guild; "Taming of the Shrew," '36.

RALPH COX . . Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'35. Spanish Club.

MAXINE ALEXANDER . . American Legion Oratorical Contest, '36.

SELMA MEYER . . Music Appreciation, '33, '34. Service Club, '36. Mixed Chorus, '35. Ha Ivria, '35. Pep Club, '33, '34. Junior Chaminade, '33, '34.

CHESTER PIERCE . .

JEANNE MANNHEIMER . . Junior Needlework Guild, '33-'36; Secretary, '35; Treasurer, '36. Les Chanteuses, '35; Washington U. Contest. Chaminade, '36. Music Committee. Biology Club. Hiking and Sketching Club, '35, '36. Art Appreciation Club, '35. Senior Color Committee; Chairman.

DOROTHY PETROV . . Senior Social Committee. Les Chanteuses, '35. Chaminade, '36. Pep Club, '34-'36. G.A.A., '33-'36; Secretary-Treasurer, '35; President, '36; Junior "S"; Senior "S." Spanish Club; Treasurer, '36. Washington U. Contest, '36. Service Club, '35, '36.

NATHAN PRATZEL . .

JEANNE LARKIN . . Orchestra, '33-'35. Service Club, '36. All City High School Orchestra, '35. Soldan String Quartette, '36. Senior Picture Committee. "Flower of Venezia," '34. Washington U. Music Contests, '33-'36.

JANUARY 1937

MARTHA WINDMULLER . . Composer of Music to Senior Class Song. Mixed Chorus, '34, '35; Washington U. Contest, '34. Music Appreciation Club, '33. Pep Club, '34-'36. Camera Club, '35, '36.

ARTHUR BEDDOE . . Football, '35, '36; Letterman, '35, '36. Swimming, '35, '36. Service Club, '35, '36; Chairman, '36. Senior Social Committee.

MILDRED JENNEMANN . . Mixed Chorus, '35, '36. Pep Club, '36, '37.

EDITH GRODSKY . . Entered Soldan Sept., 1936, from Norwood High School, Norwood, Ohio.

ROBERT BUELL . . Two Year Scholarship Seal. Service Club, '35, '36. Agora, '35, '36; Ass't Secretary. Midget Track Squad, '33. Golf Tournament, '36. Senior Activity Card Committee. Senior Song Committee.

JEAN HESS . . Amateur Show, '35. Band Show, '33, '36. "Twelfth Night," '34. Pep Club, '34-'36. Senior Ring Committee. Class Day Program.

NEOLA BALDWIN . . Honor Society. Agora, '35, '36. Service Club, '36.

JOSEPH M. ARNDT, JR. . . Golf Team. Spring Golf Tournament; Runner-up. Inter-Class Basketball. Junior Band, '33. Senior Band, '33-'36. Philatelic Society, '33-'36; Sergeant-at-Arms, '33-'35; Program Committee Chairman, '36. Orchestra. Senior Picture Committee. Service Club.

MARIBEL KINDLER . . Service Club, '36. Girls' Tennis Champion, Huntington High, Indiana, '33.

CHARLOTTE GOLDMAN . . Service Club, '35, '36. Chaminade, '35-'37; Washington U. Contests, '35, '36. Skating Club, '35, '36. Junior Chaminade, '33, '34. Les Chanteuses, '35. Pep Club, '33-'36. Music Appreciation Club, '35. Flower Committee. Round Table, '34, '35. Program Chairman, '35.

IRWIN BRASCH . .

RUTH JAPPA . . Agora, '35. Dancing Club, '35. G.A.A., '35, '36; Junior "S."





OSCAR E. GLAESSNER . . Scrip Staff, '36. Dramatic Guild, '36.

JEAN PINTARD CURRY . . Honor Society. Agora, '35, '36. Skating Club. Christmas Play, '36.

MARTIN HOLTZMAN . . Midget Track, '33, '34; Letterman, '33. Class Basketball, '33-'36.

ROBERT BAKULA . . Honor Society. Football, '35, '36. Agora, '34, '35. Senior Finance Committee. Gym Club, '34. Track Squad, '34. Inter-Class Basketball, '33, '34.

EVELYN DAVIS . . Service Club, '36. Ha Ivria, '36. Pep Club, '36. G.A.A., '35, '36; Junior "S."

ELMO S. F. BARRETT . . Glee Club, '35, '36. "Musicland," '35.

BARBARA ANN BROWNE . . Junior Chaminade, '33. Girls' Council, '33. G.A.A., '33-'35. Pep Club, '33-'36; Secretary, '36. Agora, '35. Senior Social Committee. "Twelfth Night." "Flower

of Venezia." "Taming of the Shrew." Dramatic Guild, '35, '36. Chaminade, '35, '36; Washington U. Contest, '36. Class Day Program.

MELVIN BARAD . . Entered January '36, from Evander Childs High School, New York City.

RUTH KOVSKY . . G.A.A., '34-'36; Junior "S." Service Club, '35-'37. Ha Ivria, '35. Scrippage Class, '36. Pep Club, '33, '34.

SELMA BORNSTEIN . . Service Club, '36; Chairman, '36. Scrip Staff, '36. Ha Ivria, '35, '36.

GEORGE BRICK . . Honor Society; Vice-President. Service Club, '34-'36; Vice-President, '36. Camera Club, '36; Business Manager, '36. Junior Band, '33. Senior Band, '34-'36. Harmonica Club, '34. Inter-Class Basketball, "8's," '36. Golf Tournament, '35. Senior Social Committee. Tennis Tournament, '35, '36. Scrippage; Feature Editor, '36.

SARA BIRENBAUM . . Service Club, '36.

SENIORS

JANUARY 1937

WILLIAM B. GOODMAN . . Agora, '36; Treasurer, '36. Midget Track Squad, '33. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'35. Chess Club, '34, '35. Service Club, '36. Tennis Tournament, '34. Scrip Service Seal.

MARTHA DEKREKO . . Service Club, '36.

CLIFFORD C. E. GAUS . . Senior Finance Committee. Baseball, '36; Letterman. Agora, '33, '36.

HAROLD HEDRICK . . Glee Club, '34-'36. Band Show, '36. National Music Broadcast, '36. Soloist, Graduation Exercises. "Flower of Venezia," '34. Golf Team, '33-'36; Letterman, '35, '36; Captain, '36. Baseball Squad, '35, '36. Dramatic Guild, '36. "Taming of the Shrew." Shakespearean Honorary Performance. Senior Flower Committee.

ALICE ETTINGER . . Service Club, '34-'36; Chairman; "O" Committee, '36. Two Year Scholarship Seal. G.A.A., '33-'36; Junior "S"; Senior "S"; Missouri "M"; Secretary-Treasurer, '36. Senior Activity Card Committee; Chairman. Pep Club, '33-'36. Skating Club, '34.

WILLIAM L. GORDON . .

RUTH FINGERHOOD . . Service Club, '36. Ha Ivria, '34, '35. G.A.A., '35, '36. Senior Bulletin Committee.

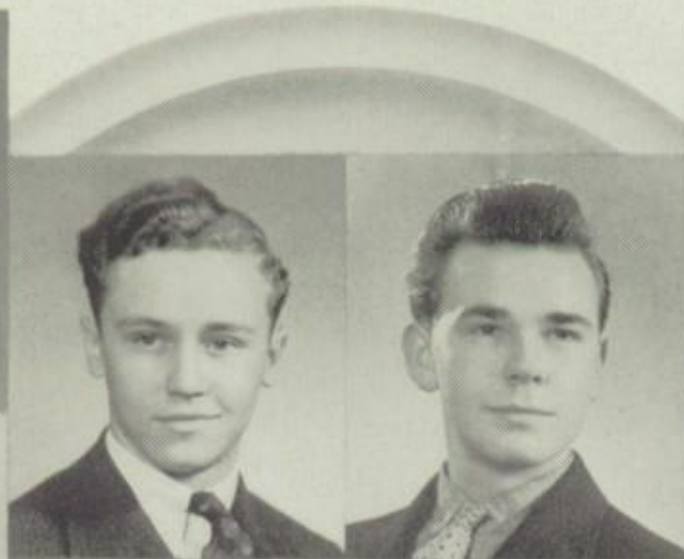
WILLIAMS GRAY . . Junior Track Squad, '33-'34. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'36. Band, '33-'36; Washington U. Contest, '33; Clean Up Parade, '33-'36; All-City High School Band, '36.

ROSE KRANZBERG . . Honor Society. Service Club, '34-'36. Library Club, '34-'36; Program Chairman, '35; President, '36. G.A.A., '35, '36; Junior "S." Agora, '35, '36. Senior Motto Committee; Chairman. Spanish Club, '36; President. "The Taming of the Shrew." Missouri "M." Lead in Xmas Programme, '36.

TEDDY DUFFELL . . Scrippage; Assistant Editor, Sept., '36. Service Club, '36. Senior Bulletin Committee.

DAVID BIRENBAUM . . Honor Society. Football, '34-'36; All-City, '36. Agora, '35, '36. Service Club, '35, '36. Glee Club, '34-'36; "Flower of Venezia"; "Musicland"; Washington U. Contest, '34. Senior Finance Committee. Gym Club, '34. Inter-Class Basketball, '33. Junior Track Squad, '36.

WILMA ENGEL . .





RUTH ZAHTZ . . Tap Dancing Club, '35-'37; Honorary Seal.

JACOB FLOOM . . Orchestra, '34-'37; Orchestra Contest, '36; All-City Orchestra, '35; All State Orchestra, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '35.

SHIRLEY ALTMAN . .

MARY JANE DAVID . .

EUGENE GLICK . . Camera Club, '35, '36; President, '35; Vice-President, '36; Soldan Seal. Golf Tournament, '35. Senior Announcement Committee. Midget Track Squad, '33. Hawthorne Club, '35.

PHYLISS KIPPEL . . Les Chanteuses, '34; Accompanist Chaminade, '35, '36; Accompanist; Orchestra, '35, '36; Washington U. Contest, '35. Music Appreciation Club, '35. Senior Music Committee; Chairman.

ANN GOLDBERG . . Service Club, '35, '36.

STANLEY R. SCHEINER . . Honor Society; Secretary. Scrip Staff, '37. Philatelic Society, '33-'36; Secretary, '35, '36. Service Club, '34-'36; Secretary, '36. Mathematics Club, '35, '36; Vice-President, '36. Pickering Club, '35. Rostrum, '34, '35. Senior Picture Committee. Inter-Class Basketball, '36. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Harvard Book Award. Agora, '34-'36. Four Year Scholarship Seal. FRANCES GERSHBOCK . . Ha Ivria, '35, '36; Vice-President, '36. Service Club, '36. Senior Announcement Committee.

JANE BENDER . . Chaminade, '35.

FROMAN HULBERT . . Joint Composer and Lyricist of Class Song. Midget Track Squad, '33, '34. Gym Club, '34-'36. Inter-Class Basketball, '34-'36. Orchestra, '35, '36; All-City High School Orchestra, '35, '36; Washington U. Contest, '35, '36. Agora, '36. Service Club, '36.

ELIZABETH F. DAWSON . . Honor Society. Service Club, '33, '36. Junior Chaminade, '33. Chaminade, '35. Dramatic Guild, '34-'36; "The Missing Fiance." Senior Banner Committee; Chairman. Hiking and Sketching Club, '36; Treasurer, '36.

JANUARY 1937

GERTRUDE ROSEN . . Pep Club.

GEORGE SMITH . .

ELEANORE J. SCHMIDT . . Dramatic Guild, '36. Senior Banner Committee. Skating Club, '34. Pep Club, '33, '34. Hiking and Sketching Club.

DORIS SCHUEREN . . Junior Orchestra, '33, '34. Skating Club, '34, '35. Pep Club, '36. Senior Picture Committee. Service Club, '35, '36.

MARVIN J. TANZER . . Honor Society. Senior Picture Committee; Chairman. Philatelic Society, '33-'36; President, '34; Service Seal; Secretary, '36; Vice-President, '36; Librarian, '34. Agora, '34-'36. Service Club, '34-'36. Pickering Club, '35. Mathematics Club, '35, '36. Spring Golf Tournament, '35. Midget Track Squad, '33. Inter-Class Basketball, "8's," '36.

MARION MANDEL . . Service Club, '36. G.A.A., '33-'36; Junior "S." Rostrum, '36. Debating Squad, '36. Pep Club, '34. Senior Announcement Committee; Chairman.

LILLIAN SLAIS . .

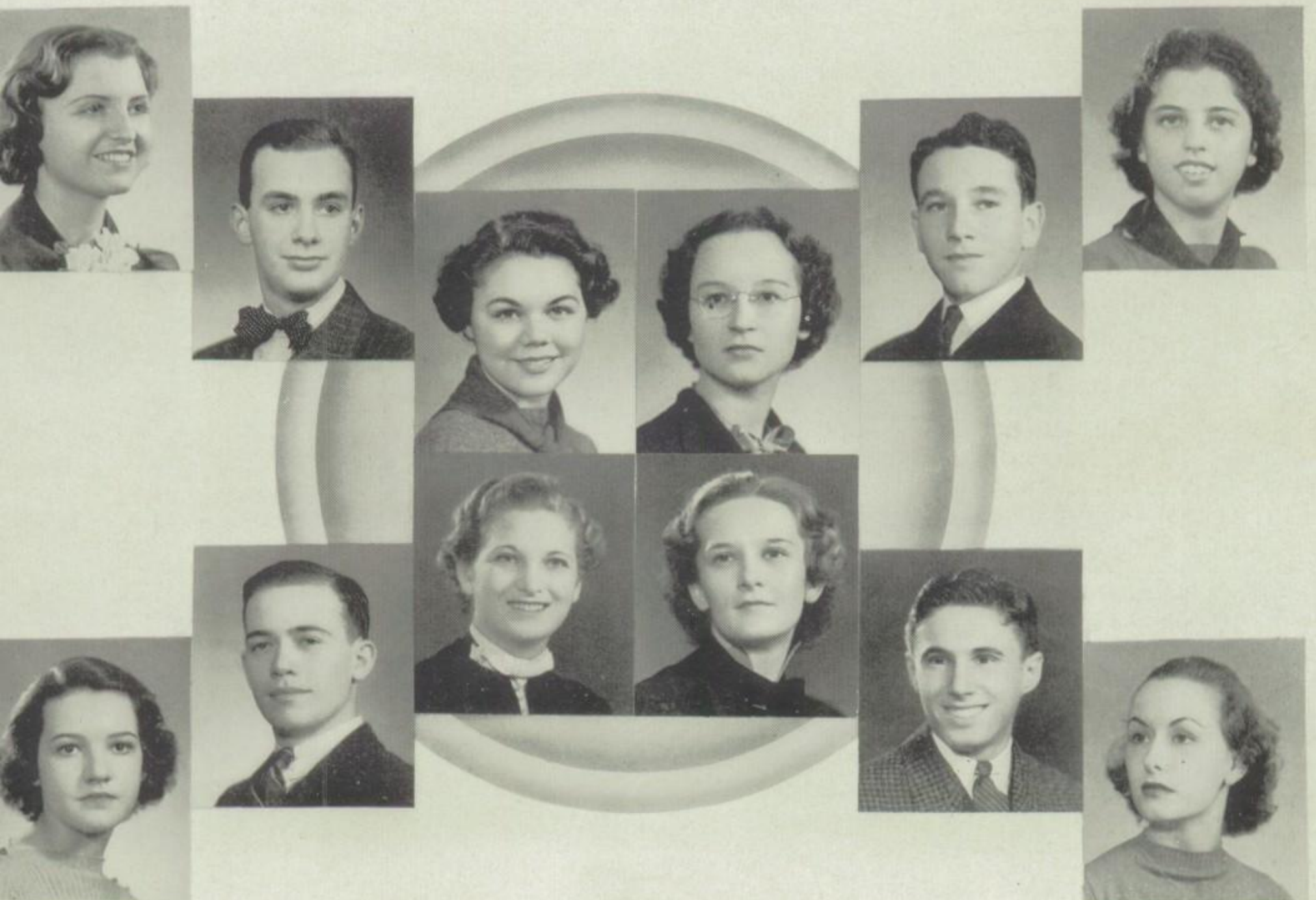
VICTOR SEIFERTH . . Aero Club, '35, '36; President, '36.

DOROTHY TAKSEL . . Service Club; Chairman, '36. Agora, '36. Pep Club, '34-'36.

MARY ELIZABETH SCOTT . . Senior Social Committee. Chaminade, '34-'36; "Flower of Venezia," '35; Washington U. Contest, '35, '36; Columbia U. Contest, '35; Honor Award, '36; Vice-President, '36. Junior Chaminade, '34. Mixed Chorus, '35. Pep Club, '36.

HAROLD SHUCART . . Scrippage, '36, '37; Club News Editor, '36; Sports Editor, '36, '37. Cheer Leader, '35, '36. Midget Track; Letterman, '35. Junior Track Squad, '36. Swimming Squad, '34-'36. Inter-Class Basketball, '34-'36; Captain, '36. Senior Social Committee.

JANE MILLER . . Senior Banner Committee.





WILLIAM KENNER . . Midget Track Squad, '33.
Senior Banner Committee.

JAMES S. SWAN . . Dramatic Guild; President, '36; Secretary, '34, '35; Treasurer, '36. "Twelfth Night." "Finger of God." "The Doctor." "Violin Maker of Cremona." "Dispatch Goes Home." "Musicland." Amateur Show, '35. "Flower of Venezia." Stage Manager, '35, '36. Christmas Play, '34, '35. Dramatic League Program, '35.

MARGARET RAINS . . Pep Club, September, '36.

ADELE SKLAR . . Service Club, '35-'37.

ALLEN B. WALKER . . Dramatic Guild, '34-'36; Vice President, '36. "Twelfth Night." "The Christmas Party." "The Doctor." "The Christmas Shadow." "The Finger of God." Washington U. Drama Festival. "The Taming of the Shrew"; Production Staff. "Musicland." "The Flower of Venezia." Patrons' Alliance Benefit Show. Shakespeare Tercentenary Club Readings. Senior Banner Committee.

LOUIS ADOLF . .

IRWIN M. SCHEINER . . Honor Society. Philatelic Society, '33-'36; Vice-President, '35; Sergeant-at-Arms, '36; President, '36. Service Club, '34-'36. Mathematics Club, '35, '36; Librarian. Pickering Club, '35. Rostrum, '34, '35. Senior Motto Committee. Two Year Scholarship Seal.

MARTIN GLAZNER . . Football, '34, '35; Letterman, '34, '35; All City Baseball, '35, '36; Letterman, '35, '36. Freshman Football Coach, '36.

DOROTHY HORAN . .

EVELYN ROSENBERG . . Mixed Chorus, '35, '36.

PERRY POZNANSKE . . Hiking and Sketching Club, '36. Ha Ivria, '35.

LAWRENCE SERLIN . . Inter-Class Basketball, '34-'36. Swimming Squad, '34-'36. Junior Track Squad, '36. Spanish Club, '36.

SENIORS

JANUARY 1937

NANCY WITBECK . . Senior Social Committee.
Chaminade, '35, '36; "Flower of Venezia."

JOHN L. WINKEL . . Football Manager, '36.

RUTH KAUFMAN . .

OPAL KINNISON . . G.A.A., '33-'36; Junior "S";
Senior "S."

JOHN KNAUP . . Band, '33, '35; All High School
Band. Orchestra, '34; Washington U. Contest, '34.

BLANCHE ALBERT . . Honor Society. Camera
Club, '34; Secretary, '35; Librarian, '36; Vice-Presi-
dent, '35; Secretary, '36. Agassiz Club, '34-'36.
Service Club, '35, '36. Orchestra, '34-'36. Debating
Team, '36. Needlework Guild, '33, '34. Agora,
Sept., '36. Senior Activity Committee. Amateur
Show, '35. Washington U. Orchestra Contest.
"Taming of the Shrew." Scrip Staff, '37.

SIMON D. KRASNER . . Midget Track Squad,
'33. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'36.

EVELYN KESSLER . . Service Club, '34-'36. Agas-
siz, '35, '36.

RUSSELL ZEUSCHEL . .

LAWRENCE BERNARD WALLERSTEIN . .
Agassiz Club, '35, '36; President, '36. Shakespeare
Tercentenary Club Readings, '36. Pickering Club,
'36. Home Garden Project, '36.

EVELYN ADLER . . American History Club, '34-
'36; Treasurer, Spring, '36. Needlework Guild, '34-
'36. Senior Ribbon Committee.

LOUIS L. COHEN . . Senior Music Committee.
Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'36. Mixed Chorus, '35-
'37; Treasurer, '36, '37. Midget Track, '33.





ARLINE PILLISCH . . Honor Society; President. Service Club, '36; President, '36. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Senior Bulletin Committee; Chairman. Agora, '35; Vice-President. Pep Club, '35, '36; Treasurer, '36. Skating Club, '34, '35; Vice-President and Secretary, '35. Junior Chaminade, '33. Four Year Scholarship Seal. Washington Honor Scholarship.

BILL OLIVER . . Honor Society. Service Club, '34-'36. Chess Club, '36. Band, '34-'36; President, '36. All High School Band, '35, '36. Stamp Club, '34-'36. Senior Ring Committee; Chairman. Harmonica Club, '35. Senior Music Committee.

LOIS WAMHOFF . . Junior Chaminade, '33. Service Club, '36. Skating Club, '35. Senior Committee; chairman. Pep Club, '35, '36. Spanish Club, '34-'36.

CAROLINE HOPE WELSH . . Senior Ring Committee.

JACK O'NEILL . .

FRANCES LETE . . Pep Club, '34. Senior Bulletin Committee.

ANN SPECTOR . .

BOB NICHOLS . .

HELEN WEISEL . .

ANN MARIE WILLIAMS . . Agassiz, '35, '36; Secretary, '36.

JEROME NOTOWITZ . . Football, '35, '36; Letterman; All City Baseball, '36; Letterman. Basketball, '35-'37; Letterman. Second Team Basketball, '34.

ESTELLE WEINSTEIN . . Biology Reading Club, '34-'36. Pickering Club, '34-'36.

JANUARY 1937

EVALYN M. BLOODWORTH . . Honor Society; Treasurer. Service Club, '36; Treasurer, '36. Agora, '36. Chaminade, '35, '36; Washington U. Contest, '36. Dramatic Guild, '35, '36; "Taming of the Shrew." Skating Club, '34. Senior Picture Committee. Two Year Scholarship Seal.

IDA RAFF . .

THIXTON JAMES . . Football, '35, '36; All City, '36. Senior Track, '36. Activity Card Committee.

EDWARD MORTON ORESMAN . . Dramatic Guild, '34-'36; Treasurer, '35. Orchestra, '34-'36; Vice-President, '36. Band, '33-'36. All City High School Orchestra, '35, '36. All City High School Band, '35; Washington U. Contest, '35, '36. "The Taming of the Shrew." Service Club, '36. Flower Committee; Chairman. Music Committee.

PHILIP GRAM . . Midget Track; Letterman, '33. Junior Track; Letterman, '34, '35; Captain, '35. Senior Track Team, '36. Memorial Day Flower Committee. Senior Color Committee. Scrippage; Humor Editor, '36. Scrip Staff, '37.

HANNAH L. MAAS . . Junior Chaminade, '33. Pep Club, '34-'36. Senior Motto Committee.

THELMA LACHOW . . Chaminade, '35, '36; Washington U. Contest, '36. American History Club, '36. Hiking and Sketching Club. Senior Color Committee.

JOE BEAVER . . Scrippage, '36, '37; Editor-in-Chief, '36, '37. Rostrum, '35-'37; President, '36, '37. Debating Team, '35-'37; City Champions, '35, '36; Debating Seal, '36; Captain of Affirmative Team, '36, '37. Service Club, '36, '37. Mathematics Club, '35. Track Squad, '33, '34. Tennis Tournament, '35. Mixed Choral Club, '35, '36.

BERNICE BENSON . .

ROBERT S. BRYAN . .

LEO FIXLER . . Orchestra, '34-'37. All City High School Orchestra, '34-'36. Music Appreciation, '33-'35. Spring Festival, '34-'36; All State Orchestra, '35. Philharmonic Orchestra, '34. Flower of Venezia." "Twelfth Night."

MARGARET DONNELLY DAME . .

ARTHUR TRIGG FREEMAN . .

JEAN COX . .

BILL C. HOLLIS . .

LOUIS LAPRESTO, JR. . .

ROBERT MAYES McILVAIN . . Band, '33-'36; Secretary-Treasurer, '36. Senior Song Committee. "Musicland," '34. All High School Band, '35.

GRAYDON B. PETZOLD . .

MAX SMITH . . Senior Banner Committee, '37.





COLORS: Gold, Brown.

Class Song

Words by Frances Juliette Rowe; Music by Robert W. Luck

Now the time is fast approaching
 When thy portals we must leave;
 But thy teachings e'er will guide us
 On to heights we shall achieve.
 Under thy benign protection
 Many happy hours we've known;
 Friendships strong and true, unending
 When the years have o'er us flown.

CHORUS

We will hold aloft the banner
 "Let Effort be Supreme!"
 This our motto, this our watchword
 Blazoned firm in words a gleam.
 Life may lead us ever onward
 Far, far o'er land and sea;
 Still we turn our loving mem'ries
 Fairest Soldan, home to thee!



Officers
and Sponsors

Class of June, 1937

JEAN W. CHRISTY . . Senior President. Honor Society. Track, '36, '37; Letterman, '36. Football, '34-'36; Letterman, '36. Service Club, '36, '37.

MARTHA WEBER . . Senior Secretary. Honor Society. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Service Club, '36, '37. Les Chanteuses, '35. Chaminade, '36, '37; Treasurer, '36; President, '37; Washington U. Contest, '36, '37; Chaminade Seal, '37. Agora, '33. Skating Club, '34, '35.

MR. HARLEY E. OLSON . . Sponsor.

MISS HELEN T. ROWAN . . Sponsor.

MARION SCHOENLE . . Senior Vice-President. Pep Club, '34-'36; Vice-President, '35; President, '36. Chaminade, '35. Les Chanteuses, '35; Washington U. Contest, '35. G.A.A., '33-'36; Junior "S." Service Club, '37.

BOB LUCK . . Senior Treasurer. Service Club. Class Song Music. Football, '34-'36; Letterman, '34-'36; Captain, '36. Glee Club, '35-'37; Vice-President, '35; President, '36; Student Supervisor, '37. Harmonica Club, '35. "Musicland."



JOHN CAQUELARD . . Senior Ring Committee. Football, '35, '36; Letterman, '36. Track, '35-'37. Glee Club, '36, '37. Dramatic Guild, '36, '37. Camera Club, '37. "Taming of the Shrew."

VIVIAN BALLARD . .

SAMUEL SALE . . Service Club, '36, '37. Senior Financial Committee. Football, '35, '36; Letterman, '36. Swimming, '35-'37; Letterman, '36, '37. Biology Reading Club, '35.

KENNETH SPETNER . . Honor Society; Marshal. Service Club, '37. Track, '35-'37; Junior Captain, '36. Football, '34-'36; Letterman.

ESTHER BARNHOLTZ . . Les Chanteuses, '35. Chaminade, '35. Mixed Chorus, '37. Junior Needlework Guild, '34-'37; Vice-President, '35, '36; Secretary, '36. Pep Club, '37. Ha Ivria, '36, '37.

MARTIN BORAZ . . Agora, '33. Glee Club, '34, '35. "Musicland." Junior Track Squad, '35, '36. Second Basketball Team, '35, '36. Inter-Class Basketball Team, '33-'36.

MAE BENESCH . .

PAUL BLANK . . Glee Club, '35, '36; "Musicland." Patrons' Alliance Show, '36. Camera Club, '36. Track Team, '36, '37. Cheer Leader, '36, '37. Senior Photograph Committee.

MARGARET MITCHELL ENGLESING . . Service Club, '37. Chaminade, '35, '37; Washington U. Contest, '36, '37.

RUTH FABER . . G.A.A., '34. Service Club, '35, '37. Pep Club, '35.

PAUL BOWERS . . Football, '35, '36. Baseball, '37. Midget Track, '34. Junior Track, '35. Senior Track, '36, '37.

BENNETTE ADLER . . Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member.

JUNE 1937

DOROTHY JANE BRADSHAW . . Chaminade, '35-'37; Washington U. Contest, '36, '37. G.A.A., '33. Pickering Club, '35, '36. Ring Committee. Service Club, '37.

WILLIAM COCHRAN . . Scrippage Staff, '36. Debating Team, '36; City Champions; Debating Seal. Chess Club, '35; Vice-President, '36. Rostrum, '35, '36. Mathematics Club; President, '36; Soldan Seal.

MIRIAM SCHIMEL . . Honor Society. Service Club, '36, '37. Motto Committee. Ha Ivria, '36, '37; Vice-President, '37. Chaminade, '36; Washington U. Contest, '36. Les Chanteuses, '35.

COLENE ELLIS . . Honor Society. Service Club, '37. Two Year Scholarship Seal, '36. Agora, '35-'37; Secretary, '35, '37; Vice-President, '36. Activity Committee.

E. BERRY BROWN, JR. . . Gym Club, '33. Glee Club, '36, '37. Band Show, '36. Pickering Club, '36, '37; Vice-President. Motto Committee.

CHARLOTTE BOCK . . Honor Society. Les Chanteuses, Fall, '35; Librarian. Chaminade, '36, '37; Librarian, '36; Soldan Seal, '36. Agassiz Club, '35-'37; Vice-President, '36, '37. G.A.A., '33-'36; Small Soldan "S." Photograph Committee.

GEORGE BURGESS . . Glee Club, '36, '37. Banner Committee. Band Show, '36. Junior Band, '34.

LYDIA EISENBERG . . Senior Orchestra, '35; W. U. Contest, '35. Ha Ivria, '35. G.A.A., '36, '37. Am. History Club, '36, '37; Treasurer, '37. Library Club, '36, '37. Service Club, '36; Chairman, '37.

WILBUR CHALLIS . . Agora, '34. Service Club.

ALFRED L. BRANDT . . Card Committee. Glee Club, '35-'37. Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science. Golf Squad, '36; Golf Tournament. Tennis Squad, '36; Tennis Tournament, '36. Track Squad, '34. Scrip Staff, '37.

LEONA GOLDBERG . . Honor Society; Vice-President. Service Club, '35-'37; Vice-President, '37. Photograph Committee. Library Club, Secretary-Treasurer, '36; Program Chairman, '37. G.A.A., '34-'37; Missouri "M"; Junior "S"; Senior "S." Pep Club, '35-'37. Music Appreciation Club. Les Chanteuses, '35. Two Year Scholarship Seal.

RAY COX . . Inter-Class Basketball, '35, '36. Mathematics Club, '37. Service Club, '37. Photograph Committee. Philatelic Society, '34-'37; Exhibit Committee, '34; Newspaper Committee, '35, '36; Editor-in-Chief, '36. Program Committee.





RUTH BAER . . Senior Banner Committee, '37. Library Club, '36, '37.

MAX GARBER . . Honor Society; President. Harvard Book Award. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Mathematics Club, '35-'37; President, '36; Secretary, '35; Treasurer, '35, '37; Soldan Seal. Chess Club, '35, '36. Service Club, '36, '37; President. '37. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'36; Captain, '33, '34. Chairman of Alumni Committee.

CLARA LEBMAN . . Music Appreciation, '34, '35. Scrip Staff, '37.

ALICE LA BREACHT . . Honor Society. Service Club, '37. Senior Photograph Committee; Chairman. American History Club; Treasurer, '36; President, '37. G.A.A., '35, '36; Small "S." Spelling Team, '37. Soldan Spelling Representative, '36.

CHARLES BUDDE . . Senior Alumni Committee.

MIRIAM LEVIN . . Honor Society. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Service Club, '35-'37. Agora, '35, '36. Senior Picture Committee. Ha Ivria, '35-'37; Secretary, '35. Library Club, '36, '37. Chess Club, '37.

RALPH FRIEDMAN . . Band, '34, '35; All City High School Band, '35; Washington U. Contest, '34, '35. All St. Louis High School Orchestra, '34; "Musicland." Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'36.

JEAN MCHENRY . . Service Club, '37. G.A.A., '33-'37; Junior "S."

PAUL D. FINNEY . . Chess Club, '35, '36. Dramatic Guild, '36, '37. Glee Club, '36, '37. Senior Social Committee.

TED CURTIS . . Gym Club, '33-'37; Vice-President, '35; President, '36, '37. Inter-Class Basketball, '34, '35. Coach of ones, '36. Scrip Staff, '37.

MARY JEAN LUNGSTRAS . .

BEN ERLICH . . Senior Social Committee. Service Club. Track Team; Junior Letterman, '34, '35; Senior Letterman, '36, '37. Glee Club; Vice-President, '36, '37; Patrons' Alliance Show; "Toyland"; "Musicland." Dramatic Guild; "Taming of the Shrew." Chess Club.

JUNE 1937

ELBERT SPRING . . Gym Club, '35, '36. Camera Club, '33, '34. Junior Track Squad, '34, '35. Senior Announcement Committee.

MARGIE DEVOUS . .

CHARLES HICKMAN . . Senior Motto Committee. Soldan Orchestra, '34-'37; Service Seal, '36; President, '36; All State High School Orchestra, '36; All City High School Orchestra, '35, '36; Washington U. Music Contest, '36, '37. Music Appreciation Club, '33. Dramatic Guild, '34-'37; "Finger of God"; "The Doctor"; "The Taming of the Shrew"; "Musicland"; "Flower of Venezia."

BILL KINCAID . . Service Club, '37. Camera Club, '35-'37; Business Manager, '36; Treasurer, '36, '37. Mathematics Club, '37. Band, '35. Philatelic Society, '34, '35. Agora, '37. Co-Chairman Senior Cap and Gown Committee, '37.

EDYTHER HORWITZ . . Orchestra, '35, '36. Symphony Orchestra, '35. Scrip Staff, '37.

ROBERT EVANS . . Agora.

SYLVIA HARRIS . . Honor Society. Service Club, '37. Senior Social Committee. Ha Ivria, '37. Pep Club, '36, '37.

RALPH E. OSBORNE . . Band, '37.

HELEN ROSEN . . Service Club, '36, '37. Scrippage Class; Humor Editor, '37. Senior Alumni Committee.

HELEN MARIE RICHTER . . Agora, '37. Mixed Chorus, '36. Chaminade, '36. Les Chanteuses, '35.

LOUIS KURTZ . . Spanish Club, '34, '36; Vice-President, '36. Senior Photograph Committee. Junior Track Squad, '35, '36.

BETTY KUNIN . . Ritenour High School: Glee Club, '33, '36. Soldan: Ellsworth Chapter, Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member.





GERALD F. KELLEHER . .

MYRA GLADYS JACOBS . .

HAROLD PIERCE MOONSHINE . . Service Club, '36, '37. Chess Club, '37. Hebrew Club, '35, '37. Junior Track Squad, '34, '35.

WALTER MORRIS . .

SYLVIA FIXLER . . Agora, '37. Library Club, '36, '37. Pep Club, '36, '37. Mixed Chorus, '35.

JUDSON MCGUIRE . . Glee Club, '36, '37. Senior Track Squad, '37.

SHIRLEE JAFFE . . Senior Finance Committee, '37. Agassiz; Librarian, '36, '37. G.A.A., '33-'37; Junior "S"; Senior "S." Les Chanteuses, '35. Chaminade, '36. Pep, '35. Scrip Staff, '37. Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member.

EDWARD JAMES HERHOLD . .

LOIS KREITER . . G.A.A., '35, '36; Small "S." Pep Club, '35. Senior Banner Committee.

DOROTHY FARRAR . . Ellsworth Chapter of the Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member. Pep Club, '36, '37. Dancing Club, '35-'37. Banner Committee.

BILL HEQUEMBOURG . . Service Club, '37.

LORRAINE EBERHARD . . Scrippage, '36, '37; Typist, '37. Service Club, '36, '37.

JUNE 1937

RICHARD FREY . . Glee Club, '34. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'36. Football, '36; Letterman. Senior Photograph Committee.

MARY MARGARET McRORIE . . Pep Club, '36, '37.

MARTIN MARKENSON . . Mixed Chorus, '35-'37; President, '36, '37.

EZRA LANDER . . Scrippage Staff, '36, '37; Assistant Editor, '37. Service Club, '35-'37. Chess Team, '35-'37; Captain, '36, '37. Debating Team, '36, '37. Chess Club, '34-'37; Marshal, '35; Secretary-Treasurer, '36; President, '36; Marshal, '37. Ha Ivria, '33, '37. Spelling Team, '37. Cap and Gown Committee.

MARY FRANCES LOWMAN . . Senior Color Committee. Pep Club, '34-'37; Secretary-Treasurer. G.A.A., '35-'37.

JEAN MARSHALL . . Scrippage, '36, '37; Humor Editor, Cub Issue, '36; Sports Editor, '37. Baseball Squad. Senior Track Squad.

MARY MALLOY . . Scrippage, '36, '37; Assistant Editor, Cub Issue, '36; Assistant Editor, '37. Senior Social Committee. Service Club, '37. Camera Club, '35. Knitting Club, '37; President, '37. Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science; Charter Member, '37.

JACK LOUIS GOLDSTEIN . . Scrippage, '36; Cub Sports Editor. Scrip Staff, '37. Mathematics Club, '34. American History Club, '36, '37. Mixed Choral Club, '35-'37; Librarian, '36; Vice-President, '36, '37. Glee Club, '37. Junior Band, '35. Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science; Charter Member, '37; Sergeant-at-Arms, '37. Track Squad, '34-'37. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'36; Finalist, '35, '36. Globe-Democrat Free Throw Team. Tennis Tournament, '36. Sketching and Hiking Club, '36.

MARY MILES MAHON . .

ELIZABETH MAGINNIS . .

ROBERT A. GANNON . .

GRACE LEVY . . Alumni Committee. Chaminade. '34-'36. Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member.





EVA KLAMEN . . Honor Society. Service Club, '35-'37. Two Year Scholarship Seal, June, '36. G.A.A., '33-'37; Small "S"; Missouri "M"; Large "S." Ha Ivria, '35-'37. Pep Club, '33. Senior Photograph Committee.

CHARLES GOTTSCHALK . . Scrip Staff, '36, '37.

DOROTHY NISIAKAS . . Honor Society. Service Club, '37. Senior Music Committee. Chaminade, '35-'37; Treasurer, '37; Washington U. Contest, '35-'37; Quartet, '36, '37. Mixed Chorus, '36; Secretary; Soldan Seal. Les Chanteuses, '35. G.A.A., '34-'37; Small "S"; Missouri "M"; Large "S." Pep Club, '34-'36.

AURELIA KONRAD . . Les Chanteuses, '35. Chaminade, '36, '37. Washington U. Contest, '36, '37.

FRANK M. GOTTLIEB . .

MARCELLA KEYS . . Service Club, '36, '37. Pep Club, '35. Ellsworth Chapter Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member.

THEODORE PETROPOULOS . . Service Club, '37. Philatelic Society, '34-'37; Program Chairman, '35; Treasurer, '35-'37. Scrippage, '37. Debating Squad. American Legion Oratorical Contest, '37. Senior Announcement Committee.

MADELYNE MILLER . .

WILBERT PENBERTHY . . Spring Golf Tournament, '36. Golf Team, '35, '36; Letterman, '36. Glee Club, '36, '37.

DANIEL PEPPER . . Harmonica Club, '34. Hebrew Club, '35. Midget Track Squad, '34. Inter-Class Basketball Coach, '36. Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science; Charter Member, '37.

BETTY ANN NOONAN . . Dramatic Guild, '35-'37; "The Doctor"; "A Despatch Goes Home"; "The Finger of God"; "Christmas Shadow"; "Taming of the Shrew"; "Violin Maker of Cremona"; "Musicland." Pep Club, '33-'37. Agora, '36, '37.

RUDOLPH L. WISE . .

JUNE 1937

LEE PRESS . . Agora, '37.

ISABELLE O'NEILL . . Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member. Pep Club, '35-'37. Dancing Club, '35-'37.

MARTIN MARGULIS . . Glee Club, '35, '36. Ha Ivria, '35-'37; President, '36. Ellsworth Chapter Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member. Senior Music Committee. Scrip Staff, '37.

SOL ZIFF . . Junior Band, '34. Midget Track, '34. Inter-Class Basketball, '34.

RUTH MICHEL . . Honor Society. Service Club, '37; Chairman. Ha Ivria, '35-'37; Secretary, '37. German Club, '35, '36; President, '36. German Chorus, '35, '36. Les Chanteuses, '35, '36. Chairman of Senior Announcement Committee.

LEONARD SCHNURR . . Glee Club, '35, '36. Inter-Class Basketball, '36. Track, '34.

JANE HOLLINGS . . Honor Society; Secretary. Two Year Scholarship Seal, '35. Chairman of Senior Activity Committee. Service Club; Secretary, '36, '37. Pep Club, '33-'37; Secretary, '35; President, '35. G.A.A., '33-'37; Junior "S"; Senior "S"; Missouri "M." Chaminade, '35, '36. Les Chanteuses, '35. Washington U. Contest, '35, '36.

WINSTON RONECKER . . Camera Club, '37.

FRANCES JULIETTE ROWE . . Composer of Senior Class Song. Service Club, '36. Senior Music Committee; Co-Chairman. Chaminade, '35-'37; Washington U. Contest, '35-'37; Columbia Contest, '35; Soldan Seal. Camera Club, '36. Pep Club, '35, '36.

DOLORES PROSSER . . Pep Club, '35-'37.

RUSSELL (PAPPAS) STANFORD . . Agora, '34, '35.

LOUISE BENSON . .





JEANETTE PEPPER . . Honor Society. Two Year Scholarship Seal. Service Club, '36, '37; Chairman, '37. Senior Activity Card Committee. Agora, '35, '36. Library Club, '36, '37; President, '37. G.A.A., '34-'36; Junior "S." Pep Club, '34, '35.

CLARA PASKAL . . Scrippage, '36, '37; Feature Editor, '37. Service Club, '35-'37; Two Year Scholarship Seal. Spelling Team, '37.

KENNETH ARMSTRONG . . American Legion Oratorical Contest, '37.

SIDNEY WOLFF . . Senior Bulletin Committee. Inter-Class Basketball, '34, '35. Midget Track Squad, '33.

MARGARET KELLY . . Service Club, '37. Pep Club, '36, '37. Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member. Skating Club, '35. Senior Announcement Committee.

VIRGINIA HOLMES . . Chaminade, '36, '37. Mixed Chorus, '35. G.A.A., '34-'37; Junior "S." Pep Club, '36, '37. Dancing Club, '36.

DIXIE OEHLER . . G.A.A., '34-'36; Small "S"; Large "S." Winner of Ping-Pong Tournaments, '36, '37. Mixed Chorus, '35, '36. Basketball Team, '36.

TILLIE SCHRAM . . Service Club, '37. Agora, '36. Junior Needlework Guild, '34-'36; Treasurer, '35; Secretary, '36. Mixed Chorus, '36, '37. Pep Club, '37. Ha Ivria, '37.

DOROTHEA BUMANN . . Service Club, '37. G.A.A., '34-'37. Junior "S"; Senior "S." Pep Club, '35-'37. Senior Art Committee.

SHIRLEY SIMPSON . . Senior Social Committee.

CONSTANCE SHATTO . . Honor Society. Senior Bulletin Committee. Pickering Club, '34-'37; Soldan Seal, '36; Secretary, '34; Vice-President, '35; Librarian, '36; Secretary, '37. Agassiz Club, '36, '37. G.A.A., '33-'36; Junior "S." Les Chanteuses, '35. Chaminade, '36; Washington U. Contest.

NEDRA JANE HAAS . . Agora, '36. Chaminade, '34, '35. Les Chanteuses, '36. Mixed Chorus, '37.

JUNE 1937

JEANNE HANSEN . . Scrippage, '36, '37; Humor Editor of Cub Issue, '36; Exchange Editor, '37. Debating Squad, '36. Pep Club, '35.

STANLEY PORTMAN . . Baseball Team, '35; Letterman, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '34, '35; All-Star Forward, '34, '35. Student Coach of "B" Basketball, '36, '37. Student Manager of Inter-Class Tournament, '36. Student Manager of Basketball, '36, '37. Student Coach of Baseball, '36, '37. Soldan Choral Club, '36, '37.

FELICIA HOCHMAN . . Chaminade, '36. Choral Club, '37.

MARY SUE HETHERINGTON . . Honor Society. Senior Motto Committee. Dramatic Guild, '34-'36; Secretary, '35, '36; "Christmas Courtin'." Author of "The Doctor." "Taming of the Shrew." "Violin Maker of Cremona." "A Dispatch Goes Home." "Finger of God." Service Club, '37. Ha Ivria, '37. Agora, '35. Pep Club, '34. Scrip Staff, '37.

WILLIAM PENNINGTON . .

RUTH HARDY . . Honor Society. Senior Ribbon and Color Committee. Service Club, '36, '37. Agora, '37. G.A.A., '34-'37; Junior "S"; Missouri "M"; Senior "S." Pep Club, '36, '37.

MEL SHANKER . . Marching Band, '34-'36. Concert Band, '34-'36. Junior Band, '33. Amateur Show. "Musicland." Band Show. Washington U. Band Contest, '34, '35; Soldan Champs, '34; All City High Band, '34, '35. All City High Orchestra, '34, '35. Senior Social Committee. Service Club, '37. Coach; Inter-Class Basketball Fives, '36; Champions. Inter-Class Tournament, '34, '35. Ha Ivria. MARIAN COHEN . . Honor Society. Scrippage Class, '36; Cub Editor, '37. Service Club, '36, '37; Chairman, '37. Library Club, '36. Senior Cap and Gown Committee.

MARVIN PURSELL . . Service Club, '37. Camera Club, '36, '37. Agassiz Club, '35-'37. Gym Club, '35. Skating Club, '34. Junior Academy of Science; Charter Member, Agassiz Chapter, '37.

SIDNEY RIMEL . . Honor Society. Service Club, '37. Mathematics Club, '36; Librarian, '36. Pickering Club, '36, '37; Librarian, '36; President, '36; Treasurer, '37.

MARGARET CARL . . Les Chanteuses, '35. Chaminade, '36, '37. Service Club, '37. Pep Club, '36, '37. Washington U. Contest, '36, '37. Senior Cap and Gown Committee; Co-Chairman.

KENNETH GALE PARKER . .





SYLVIA REIF . . Honor Society. Two Year Scholarship. Service Club, '35-'37; Chairman, '37. Senior Bulletin Committee; Chairman. Scrip Staff, '37. American History Club, '35-'37; Charter Member, '35; President, '36; Vice-President, '37. Agassiz, '35-'37. Knitting Club, '37; Charter Member, '37; Secretary-Treasurer, '37. Pep Club, '34, '35. G.A.A., '35.

JOE BERGER . . Soldan Philatelic Society, '37.

JUNE DAVIS . . Les Chanteuses, '35. Chaminade, '35, '36. Pep Club, '34. Music Appreciation Club, '33. Scrip Staff, '37.

BERNICE SLUPSKY . . Alumni Committee.

MARSHALL COLLIS RHODES . .

ZENA SAPER . . Service Club, '37. Scrippage, '36, '37; Typist of Cub Issue, '36; Typist, '37.

NEAL WILLIAM SHELBY . .

BETTY CONZELMAN . . Senior Social Committee.

MARVIN WALLACH . . Service Club, '37. Senior Ring Committee; Chairman. Soldan Seal. All St. Louis High Orchestra, '35, '36. Soldan Orchestra, '34-'37; Vice-President, '36; "Flower of Venezia"; Washington U. Contests, '35, '36; "Taming of the Shrew." Music Appreciation Club, '33. Tennis Squad, '36.

MARVIN HAFFNER . . Ha Ivria, '35-'37.

BETTY JANE DAVIDSON . . Chaminade, '36, '37. Senior Social Committee; Chairman. G.A.A., '34-'37; Senior "S"; Junior "S"; President, '36; Vice-President. Camera Club, '36. Pep Club, '36, '37.

NORMAN BERGER . . Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'36. Service Club, '37. Midget Track, '34, '35; Letterman, '35.

JUNE 1937

JOHN P. ROBERTS . . Pickering Club, '34-'37; President, '34; Librarian, '35; Secretary, '36. Agassiz Club, '33-'37; Treasurer, '34; Program Chairman, '34-'36. Agassiz Chapter of Junior Academy of Science; Charter Member, '37. Service Club, '37. Senior Flower Committee; Chairman.

ROSE DRUMLEVITZ . . Service Club, '37. Ha Ivria, '37.

JOSEPH SENNE . . Service Club, Jan., '37. Pickering Club, '33-'37; President, Sept., '35; Vice-President, Jan., '35; Treasurer, Jan., '36; Librarian, Sept., '36. Camera Club, '34, '35; Librarian, Jan., '35. Rostrum, '34, '35.

BILL BAKER . . Agora; President, '35, '36. Gym Club, '34-'36. Baseball, '35-'37; Letterman, '36, '37. Swimming Team, '36, '37; Letterman. Senior Photograph Committee.

LOIS HORWITZ . . Girls' Council, '35. Needlework Guild, '34, '35. Service Club, '37. Chairman of Senior Art Committee. Designer of Class Banner. Scrippage, '37.

ERNEST ROBSON . . Agora, '33-'37; President, '36, '37. Service Club, '37. Senior Social Committee. Track Team, '34-'37; Letterman, '35-'37. Football Team, '36; Letterman, '36. American History Club, '35. Inter-Class Basketball, '33, '34. Spring Golf Tournament, '36, '37. American Legion Oratorical Contest, '37. Mathematics Club, '33-'37; Treasurer, '36; Vice-President, '37.

RUTH RICHARDSON . . Service Club, '37. Pep Club, '35, '36.

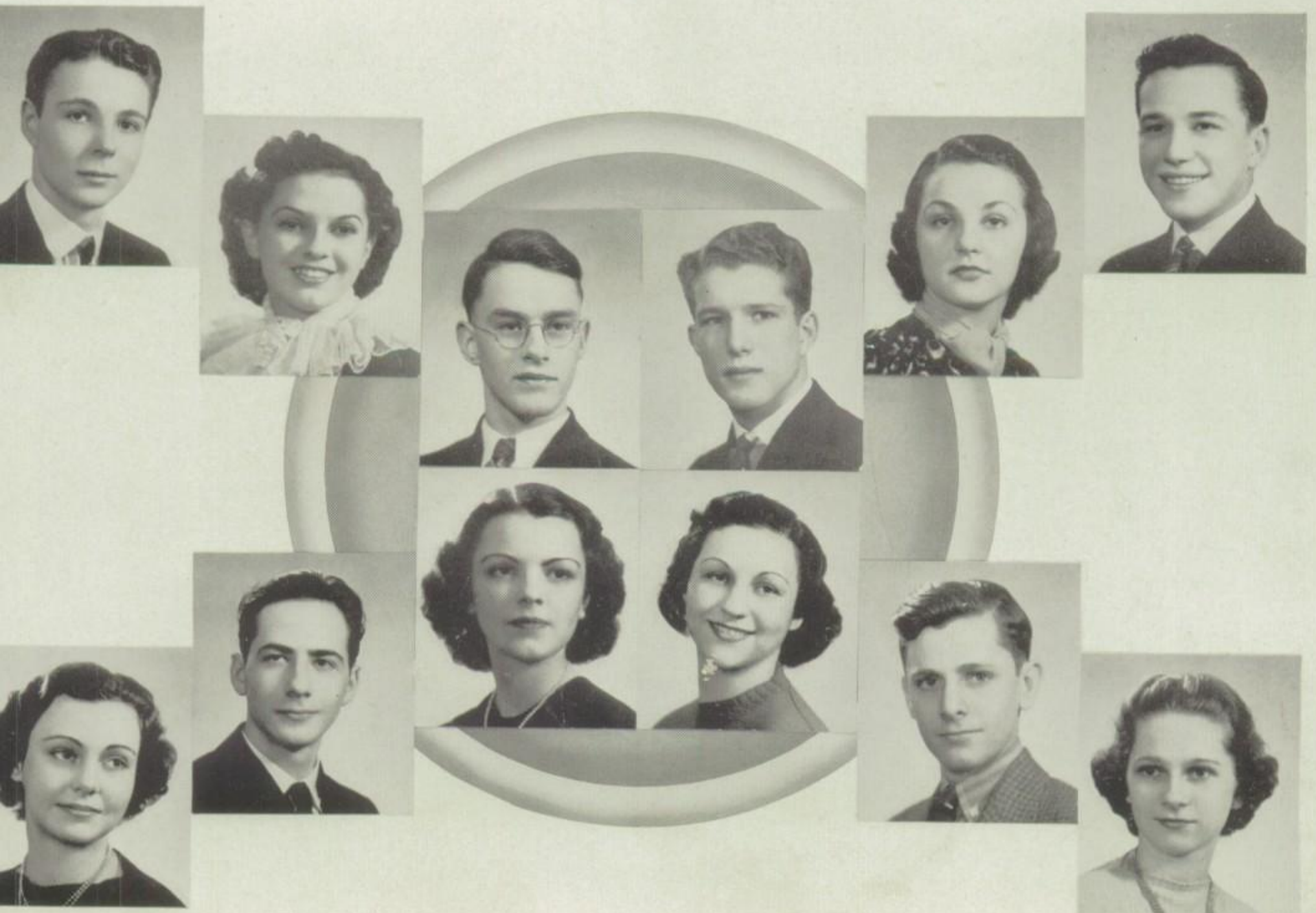
LEONARD SERAKOFF . . Agora, '36. Philatelic Society, '35-'37; Treasurer, '36; Vice-President, '36; President, '37. Agassiz Club, '35-'37; Program Chairman, '37. Junior Academy of Science, Agassiz Chapter, '37; Charter Member. Art Committee. Junior Track Squad, '37.

SHIRLEY O'BEIRNE . . Senior Bulletin Committee. Scrip Staff, '37.

SHIRLEY KATZ . . Service Club, '37. G.A.A., '33-'35. Pep Club, '33, '34; Junior "S."

HARRY SCHULTZ . . Inter-Class Basketball, '34-'36. Inter-Class All-Stars, '36. Mixed Chorus, '35.

MILDRED CORKINS . . Chaminade, '35, '36.





EDNA LOUISE MAUSSHARDT . . Honor Society. Service Club, '36, '37. Pilgrimage to Jefferson City, '35. Senior Motto Committee; Chairman. Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science, '37; Secretary; Charter Member. Agora, '37. Camera Club, '35, '36. Pep Club, '36, '37.

DAVID HUGHES . . Glee Club, '36, '37. Spring Golf Tournament, '36.

ALICE ANN SPEER . . Chaminade, '35-'37; Washington U. Contest, '35, '36. Scrip Staff, '37. Shakespearean Tercentenary Society Program: "Ophelia."

RUTH LINDA BLOCK . . Chaminade, '35, '36. Needlework Guild, '35-'37; Buyer, '35-'37; President, '36.

LIONEL HERMAN . . Honor Society. Service Club, '37. Stamp Club, '37. Senior Flower Committee.

GOLDYE SOSNA . . Chaminade, '36. Mixed Chorus, '37. Senior Ribbon and Color Committee. Ha Ivria, '37.

NORMAN ROSSIN . .

MADALYN RUDOLPH . . Scrip Staff, '37.

GORDON JULIAN . . Ellsworth Chapter of Junior Academy of Science, '37; Charter Member. Scrip Staff, '37.

GEORGE HOLT . . Football, '35, '36; Letterman, '36. Basketball, '36, '37; Letterman, '36, '37. Track, '35, '36; Letterman, '36. Glee Club, '35-'37. Agora, '33. Senior Social Committee. Inter-Class Basketball, '34, '35. Second Team Basketball, '35, '36.

CHARLOTTE SPENCER . . Honor Society. Senior Finance Committee. Service Club, '36, '37. Agora, '36, '37. Mixed Chorus, '36. Music Appreciation Club, '33, '34. Junior Chaminade, '33.

JAMES RUNG . . Honor Society. Agora, '33. Track, '34, '35. Camera Club, '36, '37. Service Club, '37. Activity Card Committee, '37.

JUNE 1937

FLORA STEPHENS . . Pep Club, '36, '37.

RICHARD STOUGH . . Gym Club, '35-'37; Secretary-Treasurer, '36; President, '36; Interscholastic Day Exhibition, '36; National Gymnastic Convention Exhibition, '36. Mother's Club, '37. Book Room Service, '34-'37. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'35. Coach of "4's," '36. Second Team, '35. Basketball Letterman, '36, '37. Track Team, '34-'36. Cheer Leader, '36, '37. Camera Club, '33. Cap and Gown Committee. Agora, '36, '37.

RUTH STEWARD . . Honor Society. Service Club, '36, '37. Senior Color Committee; Chairman. Orchestra, '33-'37; President, '36; Treasurer, '36; Secretary, '35. "Twelfth Night." "Taming of the Shrew." "Finger of God." Debating Squad, '36.

RUTH ANN SUMMERS . . Mixed Chorus, '35-'37; Secretary, '37. Pep Club, '33-'37.

VICTOR SINGER . .

MARY PAT STEPHENSON . . Les Chanteuses, '34, '35; Librarian, '35; Washington U. Contest, '35. Chaminade, '36, '37; Librarian, '36, '37. Skating Club, '35, '36.

SOL SLUMPSKY . . Mixed Chorus, '36. Gym Club, '36. Glee Club, '37.

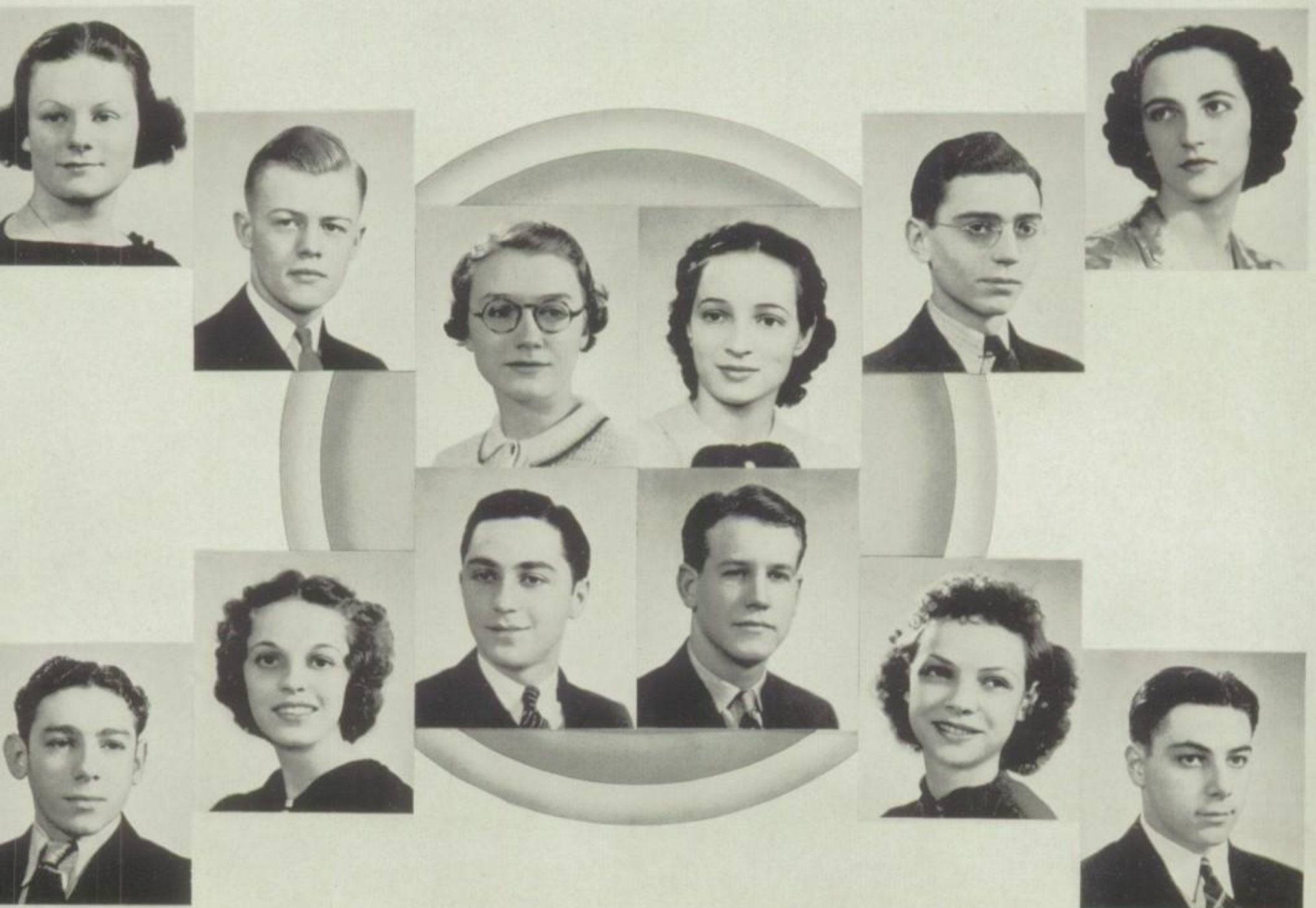
BARBARA JANE SPRENGER . . Chaminade, '36, '37.

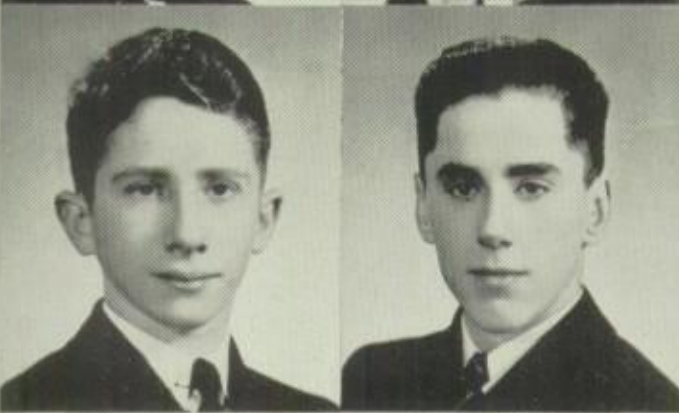
HARRY SILBERMAN . . Service Club, '35-'37. Ha Ivria, '35-'37; Treasurer, '36, '37. Chess Club, '37.

RALPH STALLMAN . . Football; Letterman, '34. Freshman Football Coach, '36.

ORENE STILLEY . . Scrippage, '36, '37; News Editor, Cub Issue, '36; News Editor, '37. Pep Club, '35-'37. Camera Club, '36, '37. Cro-Knit Club, '37; Vice-President. Senior Cap and Gown Committee.

DAVID SIFFER . . Music Appreciation Club, '33-'35; Secretary, '35. Ha Ivria, '36. Service Club, '37. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'35; Coach of Seniors "B" Team Basketball, '34, '35. Orchestra, '33-'36. All City High School Orchestra, '33-'35; Ensemble, '36. "Flower of Venezia." "Twelfth Night." "Taming of the Shrew." Symphony Orchestra Club; Charter Member, '36. Washington U. Festival, '33-'35.





HELEN MAE WESSEL . .

LYLE WIKENHAUSEN . .

HELEN WAYLAND . . Chaminade. Mixed Chorus.

MARJORIE LOUISE THOMPSON . .

ROBERT E. TOLER . .

RUTH WALLERSTEIN . . Stamp Club, '34-'37.
Soldan Choral Club, '36, '37.

JOE SWARTZ . . Service Club, '35-'37. Chess
Club, '37. Library Club, '37. Senior Flower Com-
mittee.

MARTHA TEETERS . . Les Chanteuses, '35.
Chaminade, '35, '36. Mixed Chorus.

STANLEY WAXMAN . . Honor Society; Treas-
urer. Service Club, '36, '37; Treasurer, '37. Ros-
trum, '34. Agora, '34; Assistant Secretary, '35.
Library Club, '35-'37; President, '36; Program
Chairman, Spring, '36. Tennis Team; Letterman,
'36. Senior Ring Committee.

ALFRED NORRIS TURNER . .

BERNICE WAX . . Ha Ivria, '36, '37. Agassiz,
Fall, '35, Spring, '36.

LAWRENCE TEPPER . . Transferred from Beau-
mont High School.

JUNE 1937

HELEN COOLEY . . Service Club, '37. Pep Club, '34, '35. Skating Club, '35, '36.

VIRGINIA ANNE COOK . . G.A.A., '33-'36; Small "S." Dramatic Guild, '35, '36; "Taming of the Shrew." Pep Club, '35, '36. Service Club, '34, '35. Senior Social Committee.

MARIE JOSEPHINE NORMAN . . Orchestra, '36. Choral Club, '37.

GRETCHEN HENSLEY . . Senior Ring Committee. Agassiz Club, '36, '37.

HELEN MEYERS . . Service Club, '36, '37. Dramatic Guild, '36. Orchestra, '36, '37. "The Taming of the Shrew."

RUTH NELSON . . Service Club, '37. Chaminade, '35, '36.

MARY ROTHCHILD . . Music Appreciation, '33, '34. Chaminade, '35. Mixed Chorus, '36. Scrip Staff, '37.

MARY LOUISE WINTER . . Orchestra, '35-'37; President, '37; Honor Seal. Little Symphony Orchestra, '35-'37. Sketching and Hiking Club, '36. Washington U. Contest, '35-'37. Skating Club, '35. Pep Club, '35, '36.

BONNIE LENORE DENHAM . . Orchestra, '33-'35; Treasurer, '35; Soldan Seal, '35; "Flower of Venezia"; "Musicland," Harpist, '35. Chaminade, '36; Washington U. Music Contest. Ellsworth Chapter of the Junior Academy of Science, '37. Pep Club, '36, '37. Service Club, '37.

NANCY GROLOCK . . Honor Society. Stamp Club, '35-'37. Co-Editor of Cub Newspaper, '35-'37. Service Club, '34-'37. Scrippage Staff, '36, '37; Editor-in-Chief, '37. Spelling Team, '37. Senior Announcement Committee. Washington U. Oratorical Contest.

GWENDOLYN BURT . . Service Club, '34-'37. Pep Club, '34-'37. G.A.A., '33-'36; Junior "S." Mathematics Club, '37. Les Chanteuses, '35; Washington U. Contest. Senior Picture Committee.



ROY ARTHUR . .

BERNICE BENSON . .

ROWE HENRY FARNSWORTH ANTHONY
BISBEE . .

JOHN MICHAEL COLEMAN . .

DAN COLPI . . Baseball, '35-'37; Letterman, '36,
'37. Inter-Class Basketball, '33-'36.

JEAN C. COX . .

MARGARET FEASTER . .

JANE HALL . . Mathematics Club, '37. G.A.A.,
'33-'37.

MAURICE LEVINE . . Track, '33-'35. Swimming,
'35, '36. Picture with Summer School Group.

DAVID AVELINO LOPEZ . .

WILLIS MARVIN O'BRIANT . .

JOEL PARROTT . .

DANIEL ROSENBLUM . . Orchestra, '34-'37; All-
City High School Orchestra, '35, '36. "The Flower
of Venezia"; "Twelfth Night"; "Taming of the
Shrew." Washington U. Music Festival, '34-'37;
String Quintet, '36; Violin Quartet, '37. Picture
with Summer School Graduates.

WILLIAM ROSENBLUM . . Band, '36, '37. Clean-
up Parade, '34, '36, '37.

CHARLES B. SHANK . . Transferred from Uni-
versity City High School.

IRVING WALDMAN . .

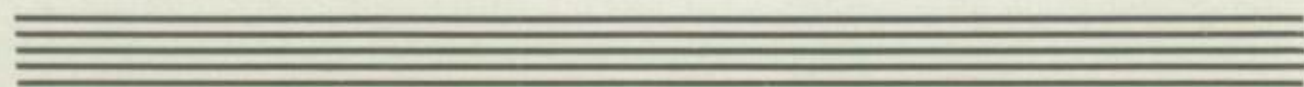
Senior Unknown Quantities

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	AMBITION	PROBABLY WILL BE
Gwen Burt	Her driving	To own a Pontiac	A service car addict
Bob Luck	Parlor tricks	To make a quarter disappear	Disappointed
Betty Conzelman	Her figure	Movie actress	Professional model
Rowe Bisbee	Streamlined haircut	To go to college	A subscription seller
June Davis	Prettiest baby	To be pretty again	A raving beauty
Ruth Wallerstein	"Shrimp"	To grow up	A little shorter
George Holt	His love affairs	To stick to one girl	A gigolo
Dixie Oehler	Tomboy	Olympics	2nd Babe Diedrickson
Chas. Gottschalk	His rhythm	Artist	Hobo
Leona Goldberg	Scholar	Deititian	Smokey Joe's cook
John Hequembourg	His man of the world attitude	The life of a sailor	A parson
Dorothy Bradshaw	"Silence is Golden"	Songbird of the night	Commentator on track events for E. R.
Ernie Robson	Poisonality	Traveling salesman	A hermit
Helen Cooley	Her boy friends	To own a Ford, if possible	Parkmoor waitress
Ted Curtis	Strong man	Architectural engineer	A bricklayer
Babe Schnurr	Pink shirts	To wear a pink suit	A clothes manikin
Nedra Haas	Society girl	To marry a billionaire	Likely to succeed
Victor Singer	Talking	President	A big shot in Hoover- ville
Orene Stilley	Her love letters	To get two from the same boy	A spinster
Kenneth Parker	Adonis	To be an orchestra leader	His only audience
Clara Lebman	Typist	Secretary	"More than a secretary"
Dave Siffer	Spelling	To be a successful business man	A Fuller Brush Man
Stanley Waxman	Talking	To stay out late	A night watchman
Nancy Grolock	Actions	Editor	Official handshaker for the President
Max Garber	Bragging	To average 100	A speed-monger

Senior Unknown Quantities

NAME	BASIS OF FAME	AMBITION	PROBABLY WILL BE
Mary Hetherington	Shop	Scenic designer	Stage hand
Gordon Julian	His cartoons	A certain blond champion speller	Ice man
Lois Horwitz	Banner	Artist	Fence painter
Neal Shelby	His southern drawl	Shakespearean actor	A southern gent
Margaret Hart	"Shrew"	Singer	Medicine show dancer
Dick Frey	Dancing	Dancing teacher	"Shuffling along"
Madalyne Miller	"I'm from Missouri"	Interior decorator	A house maid
Sylvia Reif	"I know it all" (and does)	Research chemist	Just a stenographer
Kenny Armstrong	Testing other people's intelligence	Soapbox orator	A barker in a circus
Mary Malloy	Songbird	Aviatrix	Housewife
Martin Boraz	Laziness	Rip Van Winkle	Just a Dreamer
Clara Paskal	Newshound	Society editor	Female Walter Winchell
John Caquelard	Football	Landscaper	Looking for a job
Ben Erlich	Singing (?)	To rival Allan Jones	Singing waiter
Dorothea Bumann	Shyness	Nurse	Another housewife
Bill Baker	Diving	Own a water works	A merman
Shirley Simpson	Dreamy eyes	Woman band leader	Anything but that
Paul Bowers	Football	Coach	A street cleaner
Charlotte Bock	"Woof-woof"	To go on the stage	On Major Bowes'
Sam Sale	"Pay me"	Bank president	Cashier in a cafe
Alice Ann Speer	Drawing	Artist	Greenwich Village resident
Marvin Wallach	Stale jokes	To tell a good one	A comedian (?)
Mary Rothchild	Eyelash curler	To keep them curly	Artificial
Dick Stough	Temper	Control it	A docile husband
Shirlee Jaffe	Smile (Grin)	To live it down	Second Martha Raye
Ralph Stallman	Athlete	To retire at thirty	Superannuated
Danny Pepper	Versatility	Civil engineer	Pole sitter
Shirley O'Beirne	Orator	Congresswoman	Just another citizen
Ruth Michel	Being sweet	To stay in America	One of the best Americans
Sylvia Harris	Arguing	To be a success	A nuisance
Paul Blank	Cheerleader	Turn a handspring	Trying forever, etc.

SUMMER SCHOOL



CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION





BARBARA LEE . . Girls' Council, '33. G.A.A., '33. Round Table, '34. Agassiz Club, '34. Chess Club, '34; Treasurer. Library Club, '34. Pep Club, '36.

CARL HECHT . . Service Club, '37. Honor Society, '37.

SELMA SATZ . . Mixed Chorus, '36. Ha Ivria, '36, '37.

DANIEL ROSENBLUM . . Orchestra, '34-'37; All-City High School Orchestra, '35, '36; "The Flower of Venezia"; "Twelfth Night"; "Taming of the Shrew." Washington U. Music Festival, '34-'37; String Quintet, '36; Violin Quartet, '37. June Senior.

ANITA SILVERMAN . . Agora; Chairman, '34.

RUTH RITZER . .

MAURICE LEVINE . . Track, '33-'35. Swimming, '35, '36. June, '37.

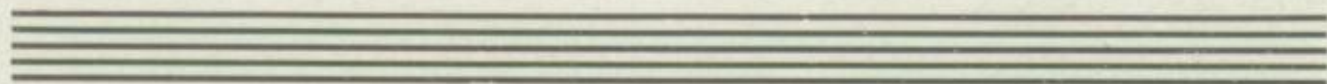
MALCOLM BOLLINGER . .

JOHN HEQUEMBOURG . . Football, Letterman, '35, '36. Track, '34-'37; Letterman, '34-'36. Basketball, '33-'37; Inter-Class, '33, '34; Second Team, '34, '35; Letterman, '35-'37; Captain, '36, '37. U. City Free Throw Tournament, '37. Glee Club, '36, '37. Senior Social Committee. Service Club, Spring, '37.

MARGARET HART . . Dramatic Guild, '35-'37; Secretary, Fall, '36; Vice-President, Spring, '36; "Taming of the Shrew"; "Finger of God"; "Mountain Mystery"; "The Doctor." Mixed Chorus, '35-'37; Vice-President, Spring, '37.

PEGGY KIRK . .

ORGANIZATIONS





The Torchbearers, Fall Term

THE Soldan Chapter of the National Honor Society is known as the Torchbearers. Election to membership in the Honor Society, which is limited to fifteen per cent of the Senior Class, is the highest honor the faculty can bestow upon a student.

OFFICERS . Arline Pillisch, *President* . George Alfred Brick, *Vice-President* . Stanley Robert Scheiner, *Secretary* . Evalyn M. Bloodworth, *Treasurer* . Dave Louis Cornfeld, *Marshal*.

MEMBERS . Blanche Mae Albert . Robert George Bakula . Neola Maxine Baldwin . David Birenbaum . Evalyn M. Bloodworth . Betty Clare Brainard . George Alfred Brick . Dave Louis Cornfeld . Jean Pintard Curry . Walter Richard Evans . Elizabeth F. Dawson . Evelyn Erfer . Rose Kranzberg . Clyde M. Newhouse . William Palmer Oliver, Jr. . Arline Pillisch . Irwin Monroe Scheiner . Stanley Robert Scheiner . Marvin J. Tanzer.

The Torchbearers, Spring Term

OFFICERS . Max Garber, *President* . Leona Ruth Goldberg, *Vice-President* .
Jane Ryder Hollings, *Secretary* . Stanley Waxman, *Treasurer* . Kenneth Spetner,
Marshal.

MEMBERS . Charlotte Elizabeth Bock . Jean W. Christy . Mary Cohen .
Helen Colene Ellis . Nancy Ellen Grolock . Ruth Alvera Hardy . Sylvia Har-
ris . Carl S. Hecht (August) . Lionel M. Herman . Mary Sue Hethering-
ton . Eva E. Klamen . Alice Louise La Breacht . Miriam Leah Levin . Edna
Louise Mausshardt . Ruth Michel . Dorothy M. Nisiankas . Jeanette Pepper .
Sylvia Reif . Sidney S. Rimel . James Erwin Rung . Miriam Schimel . Con-
stance Ann Shatto . Robin Charlotte Spencer . Ruth Adele Steward . Martha
Lucille Weber.





The Dramatic Guild

"TAMING of the Shrew," the popular Shakespearean comedy, was presented to the school last December with the help of the entire Guild, either in the cast or on the stage crew. Much time and effort were spent in making the production the success that it was. Preparations were begun in October, and after the try-outs the cast went enthusiastically into rehearsal, accompanied by the sound of the hammers of the stage crew, who were making the sets. The production was attended by large numbers of the student body at each of its two performances and was enjoyed both by the members of the Guild and by the large audiences.

At the beginning of the spring term the Guild held try-outs for membership and has added much valuable new talent to its enrollment. At the present time the Guild, whose meetings are held in Room 204 on odd Wednesdays, is divided into groups which are preparing laboratory plays to be presented to the Guild as a whole near the end of the term. Membership is open to those who are interested in all or any of its three departments: acting, stage-craft, and playwrighting.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . James S. Swan, *President* . Dorothy Rorke, *Vice-President* . Keith Goding, *Treasurer* . Mary Sue Hetherington, *Secretary* . Gertrude Lucas, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Margaret Hart, *President* . Mary Ann Butterfield, *Vice-President* . Charles Hickman, *Treasurer* . Roy Whisnand, *Secretary* . Gertrude Lucas, *Sponsor*.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

William Shakespeare

PROLOGUE

SCENES

Act I, Scene 1—Padua: the houses of Baptista and Hortensio opening on the public square.

Act II, Scene 1.....Padua: the garden of Baptista

Scene 2.....The same—the following Sunday

Act III, Scene 1.....Petruchio's country house near Verona—Evening

Scene 2.....The same—a few days later

Scene 3.....On the way to Padua

Act IV, Scene 1.....Padua: Lucentio's house

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

CHARACTERS

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.....	Ben Erlich
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.....	Charles Hickman
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.....	Roy Whisnand
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona, suitor to Katharina.....	Hal Hedrick
Gremio, suitor to Bianca.....	Ed. Oresman
Hortensio, suitor to Bianca.....	Allan B. Walker
Tranio, servant to Lucentio.....	Bruce Schwartz
Biondella, servant to Lucentio.....	Rowe Bisbee
Katharina, the Shrew, daughter to Baptista.....	Margaret Hart
Bianca, daughter to Baptista.....	Virginia Jones
Widow.....	Mary Anne Butterfield
Servants to Petruchio: Grumio, Haymer Flieg; Curtis, Arthur Kaiser; Nathaniel, Howard Farrell; Adam, Paul Finney; Peter, Chandler Monroe; Sugarsop, Sanford Silverstein; Gregory, Norman Nodel.	
A Tailor, in attendance on Petruchio.....	Rowe Bisbee
A Haberdasher, in attendance on Petruchio.....	Sidney Goldstein
A House Steward, of Baptista's household.....	Howard Bergen
Bridesmaids, in Act I.....	Martha Grayson, Marion Hall
Guests, in Act IV.....	Martha Grayson, Marion Hall
Guests.....	Virginia Ann Cook, Jeanette Pauk
Minstrels.....	Norman Nodel, Mary Sue Hetherington, Betty Ann Noonan
People in Padua.....	Eleanore Schmidt, Sara Bermi, Blanche Postar, Betty Lavin
Dancers: Dorothy, Dossinger, Virginia Jones, Dorothy Burjoski, Florence Cohen, June Meyers, Barbara Ann Browne, Virginia Morrison, Rose Kranzberg, Naomi Levy, Ruth Fitzgerald, Marjorie Krone, Shirely Buchman.	

PRODUCTION STAFF

Director.....	Gertrude A. Lucas
Stage Manager.....	Charles Hickman
Assistant Stage Manager.....	Mary Anne Butterfield
Stage Crew.....	Paul Finney, Byron Pope, Eleanore Schmidt, James Swan, Edwin Patterson, Sara Bermi, Helen Meyers
Electricians.....	John Caquelard, Oscar Glaessner, Keith Goding, Ted Winter
Business Managers.....	Betty Kellner, Warren Rogers, Rowe Bisbee
Publicity Managers.....	Elizabeth Dawson, Lester Seasongood, Arthur Kaiser
Property Managers.....	Mary Sue Hetherington, Betty Ann Noonan
Book Holder.....	Evalyn Bloodworth

The Scrip Staff

EDITORIAL STAFF . Clara Lebman . Mary Rothchild . Norman Nodel .
Virginia Jones . John McGuire . Mary Sue Hetherington . Lester Seasongood .
Jack Dick-Peddie . Robert Stoelzle . Jack McGrath.

Blanche Albert . Thelma Blumberg . Alfred Brandt . Ted Curtis . June
Davis . Bernice Derlachter . Jack Louis Goldstein . Charles Gottschalk . Philip
Gram . Edythe Horwitz . Shirlee Jaffe . Gordon Julian . Martin Margulis .
Shirley O'Beirne . Paul Pollack . Sylvia Reif . Madalyn Rudolph . Stanley
Scheiner . Alice Ann Speer . John Webster.

FACULTY SPONSORS . J. H. Herwig, *Business Manager* . Florence Hazeltine,
Art Sponsor . Charles R. Mann, *Faculty Editor*.





The Scrippage Staff, Fall Term

SCRIPPAGE is published weekly by the students of Soldan High School, St. Louis, Missouri. Copy is furnished by the Scrippage Class working with an Editorial Staff.

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The Scrippage Staff, Spring Term

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The Service Club, Fall Term

OFFICERS . Arline Pillisch, *President* . George Brick, *Vice-President* . Stanley Scheiner, *Secretary* . Evalyn Bloodworth, *Treasurer* . Dave Cornfeld, *Marshal*.

MEMBERS . B. Albert . R. Alperin . F. Bain . B. Baker . N. Baldwin . S. Barbarash . B. Bassman . J. Beaver . A. Beddoe . S. Bermi . J. Berzon . E. Bierman . F. Bierman . D. Birenbaum . S. Birenbaum . M. Blumberg . T. Blumberg . B. Blumenfeld . S. Bornstein . B. Brainard . V. Brainard . R. Brick . R. Broida . J. Brooks . R. Budde . R. Buell . G. Burt . S. Canis . V. Caquelard . I. Chekanoff . J. Christy . A. Cohen . F. Cohen . M. Cohen . F. Cohn . R. Cohnberg . N. Combs . A. Corman . M. Cremer . S. Darevsky . E. Davis . E. Dawson . M. DeKreko . T. Duffell . A. Eberhard . W. Ehrlich . L. Eisenberg . E. Erfer . A. Ettinger . W. Evans . B. Fadenhecht . R. Fingerhood . E. Finkelstein . L. Finkelstein . R. Frank . S. Frederick . B. Friedman . M. Garber . F. Gershbock . F. Goddard . A. Goldberg . L. Goldberg . H. Golder . S. Goldstein . A. Goodman . W. Goodman . E. Gorlich . N. Grolock . B. Grossman . J. Gruggett . R. Hardy . M. Harrell . B. Hemple . C. Hensley . A. Hochstein . J. Hollings . E. Holtzman . F. Hulbert . B. Hyndman . J. Isham . F. Jacobs . P. Jick . R. Johnson.

The Service Club, Fall Term

M. Katz . W. Katz . E. Kessler . J. Kidd . M. Kindler . E. Klamen .
 E. Koslow . R. Kovsky . M. Krachmalnick . N. Kraitzer . R. Kranz-
 berg . O. Krasner . M. Kreyling . L. Lacterman . F. Land . E. Lander .
 J. Larkin . D. Leiderman . G. Leipman . M. Levin . S. Levy . B. McCul-
 loch . M. Mandel . J. Malin . E. Markow . P. Mass . E. Mausshardt .
 S. Meyer . H. Meyers . D. Meyerson . R. Moinster . P. Moonshine .
 J. Myers . C. Newhouse . B. Oliver . E. Oresman . I. Pappas . T. Pap-
 pas . C. Paskal . J. Pepper . B. Pessin . D. Petrov . S. Reif . A. Rich-
 man . S. Riezman . S. Resnick . D. Richter . A. Robnak . D. Rorke .
 H. Rosen . R. Rosenblum . D. Rossen . F. Rowe . S. Sale . I. Scheiner .
 M. Schimel . D. Schueren . E. Schuver . J. Schwartz . C. Schwartzman .
 B. Sentner . M. Shapiro . S. Sheinkman . I. Shriber . A. Siegel . H. Silber-
 man . S. Silverman . P. Sinavitz . A. Sklar . L. Smith . C. Spencer .
 N. Spetner . R. Steward . J. Swartz . D. Taksel . M. Tanzer . M. Tobias .
 M. Veatch . L. Wamhoff . S. Waxman . M. Weber . S. Weber . S. Wein-
 berg . R. White . D. Williams . S. Wolff . H. Zahtz . M. Zucher.





The Service Club, Spring Term

OFFICERS . Max Garber, *President* . Leona Goldberg, *Vice-President* . Jane Hollings, *Secretary* . Stanley Waxman, *Treasurer*.

MEMBERS . R. Alperin . F. Bain . B. Baker . S. Barbarash . J. Beaver . A. Beddoe . N. Berger . S. Bermi . J. Berzon . E. Bierman . F. Bierman . M. Blumberg . T. Blumberg . D. Bradshaw . V. Brainard . J. Brooks . R. Budde . D. Bumann . G. Burt . S. Canis . V. Caquelard . M. Carl . W. Challis . A. Chapel . I. Chekanoff . J. Christy . A. Cohen . F. Cohen . M. Cohen . R. Cohnberg . F. Cohn . N. Combs . H. Cooley . D. Cornfeld . R. Cox . M. Cremer . S. Darevsky . B. Denham . E. Dependahl . R. Drumlevitz . L. Eberhard . W. Ehrlich . L. Eisenberg . C. Ellis . M. Englesing . B. Erlich . F. Ernst . R. Faber . B. Fadenhecht . M. Feldman . E. Finkelstein . L. Finkelstein . R. Frank . S. Frederick . B. Friedman . F. Goddard . S. Goldstein . N. Grolock . R. Grossberg . B. Grossman . F. Grugett . R. Hardy . M. Harrell . S. Harris . C. Hecht . B. Hemple . C. Hensley . B. Hequembourg . J. Hequembourg . L. Herman . M. Hetherington . A. Hochstein . E. Holtzman . L. Horwitz . B. Hyndman . J. Isham . J. Jacobs . P. Jick . R. Johnson.

The Service Club, Spring Term

P. Karras . S. Katz . W. Katz . M. Kelly . M. Keys . J. Kidd . B. Kincaid . E. Klamen . E. Koslow . E. Krachmalnick . O. Krasner . M. Kreyling . E. Kuttan . S. Lachterman . F. Land . E. Lander . S. Lapin . W. Lawler . D. Leiderman . M. Levin . S. Levy . B. Luck . J. Malin . M. Malloy . E. Markow . P. Mass . E. Mausshardt . J. McHenry . H. Meyers . D. Meyerson . R. Michel . P. Moonshine . J. Myers . L. Nathanson . R. Nelson . D. Nisiankas . I. Pappas . C. Paskal . J. Pepper . B. Pessin . T. Petropoulos . M. Pursell . S. Reif . S. Resnick . A. Richman . B. Richman . R. Richardson . S. Rimel . J. Roberts . D. Robinson . A. Robnak . E. Robson . D. Rorke . S. Rosenbloom . R. Rosenblum . H. Rosen . D. Rossen . J. Rung . S. Sale . Z. Saper . M. Schoenle . T. Schram . M. Schimel . E. Schuver . J. Schwartz . C. Schwartzman . J. Senne . B. Sentner . M. Shanker . M. Shapiro . A. Siegel . D. Siffer . H. Silberman . S. Silverman . P. Sinavitz . M. Slay . C. Spencer . K. Spetner . R. Steward . J. Swartz . S. Tannenbaum . P. Taxman . M. Veatch . M. Wallach . E. Wax . M. Weber . S. Weinberg . R. White . D. Williams . H. Zahtz . J. Ziden.





The Agora, Fall Term

OFFICERS . Ernest Robson, *President* . Colene Ellis, *Vice-President* . Jean Grugett, *Secretary* . Paul Pollack, *Treasurer* . Virginia Caquelard, *Assistant Secretary* . Robert Stoelzle, *Assistant Treasurer* . H. M. Feldman, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Blanche Albert . Cecelia Balch . Neola Baldwin . William Barnes . Jean Butler . Jean Curry . George De Coster . Lester Feldman . Sidney Feldman . Genevieve Gainformaggio . Clifford Gaus . Harold Greenblatt . Sylvia Goldenson . Helen Grossman . Virginia Growley . Marie Harrison . Nedra Haas . Froman Hulbert . Bernard Kean . Betty Kellner . Rose Kranzberg . Frances Lete . Morton Levitt . Barbara McCulloch . Gladys McDonald . Jack McGrath . Harriet Michelson . Adela Pallo . Irene Pappas . Charles Penn . Jeanette Pepper . William Pippert . Beverly Reynolds . Erwin Ritten . Warren Rogers . Lillian Schofield . Jean Schwartz . Mildred Shapiro . Edward Silverman . Charlotte Spencer . James Staples . Dick Stough . Darleen Sullivan . Dorothy Taskel . Dorothy Todd . Leland Trump . Stanley Waxman . John Webster . Shirley Webster . Annabelle Wilker . Jaqueline Wright . Janet Ziden . Miriam Zucker.

The Agora, Spring Term

OFFICERS . Ernie Robson, *President* . Helene Grossman, *Vice-President* . Colene Ellis, *Secretary* . Robert Stoelzle, *Treasurer*.

MEMBERS . William Barnes . Inez Brin . Thelma Brown . Virginia Caquelard . Dave Cornfeld . Joe Cowdery . Stanley Cuplan . Irwin Chekanoff . Anna Dowdy . Marcia Dudley . Eloise Evans . Robert Evans . Sylvia Fixler . Henrietta Feiler . Harold Greenblatt . Jean Grugett . Ruth Hardy . Dorothy Kaufman . Betty Kellner . Bette Knodel . Bill Kincaid . Bernard Kean . Myra Levitt . Morton Levitt . Harold Levy . Sam Lachterman . Harriet Michelson . Barbara McCulloch . Jack McGrath . Edna Mausshardt . Robert Mayer . Betty Ann Noonan . Alice Neihardt . Lee Press . Bessie Pessin . Sophie Paul . William Pippert . Leona Pollock . Warren Rogers . Beverly Reynolds . Helen Marie Richter . Jean Schwartz . Vivian Stratman . Dick Stough . Irma Schrieber . Mildred Shapiro . Jane Sachett . Gloria Trower . Irvin Tober . Rosemary White . Annabelle Wilker . Palmer Wina . Jacqueline Wright . Janet Ziden . Miriam Zucker.





The Chaminade

EVERY morning during the first hour the classes in the vicinity of Room 130 may hear sixty voices in unison, practicing scales and harmonious songs. The listeners know that the Chaminade is rehearsing the very tunes that will, perhaps, be sung in a future auditorium session. They know that in this room Miss Finn is lending her skill to the instruction of three scores of girls who possess the best voices in Soldan. No wonder such splendid results are achieved!

This year the members have new uniforms. The effective sight of sixty white-costumed girls is always a welcome one to the students of Soldan.

During this semester the girls participated in the Washington University Music Contest, in which they received superior rating. The club is rightfully proud of its double quartet, to whom was awarded an equally high rating. In the repertoire of the quartet are "The Skylark," "The Nightingale," and other delightful songs.

The members have recently learned many new pieces: "Morning Hymn," "Star of Love," "Lo, a Voice to Heaven Sounding," and the mixed choruses "No, I Won't Kiss Katy" and "Mother O' Mine." The best loved songs learned in the fall term were those sung at the mid-year graduation exercises: "Italian Serenade," in which Hal Hedrick took the baritone solo, and "Great and Glorious," a mixed chorus number.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Margaret Stringfellow, *President* . Mary Elizabeth Scott, *Vice-President* . Martha Grayson, *Secretary* . Martha Weber, *Treasurer* . Charlotte Bock, *Librarian* . Carol Selzer, *Accompanist*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Martha Weber, *President* . Iska Wise, *Vice-President* . Jo-Ellen Kidd, *Secretary* . Dorothy Nisiankas, *Treasurer* . Emily Tapp, *Librarian* . Marion Hall, *Librarian* . Carol Selzer, *Accompanist* . M. Teresa Finn, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Betty Alexander . Lou Ellen Barr . Trudy Beeler . Charlotte Bock . Dolores Boettcher . Carolyn Bortin . Dorothy Jane Bradshaw . Emma Lou Bunch . Helen Cain . Mary Frances Cannon . Margaret Carl . Adrienne Cohen . Marjorie Cohen . Karlyn Cohnberg . Beatrice Cook . Betty Jane Davidson . Margaret Englesing . Georgia Erfer . Miriam Fischman . Eleanor Fish . Martha Ruth Gould . Marion Hall . Myrtle Harmon . Violet Heil . Virginia Holmes . Evelyn Holmgren . Virginia Holt . Mary Louise Hull . Patricia Jones . Jo-Ellen Kidd . Rosalie Kincaid . Aurelia Konrad . Priscilla Krause . Norine Kummer . Eva Jane Lewey . Evelyn Lite . Mariquita Moll . Doris Nelson . Dorothy Nisiankas . Helen Nisiankas . Martha Page . Leatha Pillers . Jacqueline Partney . Gloria Quade . Frances Rowe . Jane Sackett . Ruth Schmidt . Carol Selzer . Norma Smalley . Alice Ann Speer . Barbara Sprenger . Bessie Steinbaum . Mary Pat Stephenson . Mabel Stidger . Margaret Stringfellow . Ruth Stockewell . Virginia Stover . Emily Lapp . Ruth Uman . Helen von Doch . Martha Weber . June Wilkinson . Iska Wise . Lillian Withington.



The Choral Club

THE Soldan Choral Club, commonly called the Mixed Chorus, is a good example of what can be done with young untrained voices in the course of a few short months. This year's club, composed of about eighty, has shaped up wonderfully. The members have accomplished much in the way of four-part singing. Their initial appearance before the Soldan Mothers' Club was splendidly received, and they were given much hope for future success.

The large number of students enrolled made it difficult for organized singing, but under the capable direction of Miss Finn the club learned and sang a variety of numbers, including selections from grand opera and classical numbers. Among the classical pieces were: "Service" by Cadman; "O Lovely Night" by Salter; and "Courage" by Riegger. Lighter selections, such as "The Bells of St. Mary" by Adams, and even a few of the modern popular pieces were included. The Club sang at the Honor Society Induction, but it has made few appearances because of its very recent organization.

This club is still in the process of development, and is something of an experiment, as Soldan has never before had such a large chorus of mixed voices. From all present indications we expect great things of the Soldan Choral Club in the future.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Martin Markenson, *President* . Jack Louis Goldstein, *Vice-President* . Louis Cohen, *Treasurer* . Dorothy Nisiankas, *Secretary* . Lucille Diehl, *Librarian* . M. Teresa Finn, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Martin Markenson, *President* . Margaret Hart, *Vice-President* . Ruth Summers, *Secretary* . Bernard Erlich, *Treasurer* . M. Teresa Finn, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . GIRLS . Esther Barnholtz . Betty Becker . Florence Bolenco . Rhoda Broida . Roberta Butler . Edith Coleman . Lucille Diehl . Gloria Esterton . Betty France . Evelyn Garelski . Pearl Geeser . Dorothy Glover . Irene Goldstein . Melba Goldstein . Martha Grayson . Angiemay Greggersen . Estelle Greenspoon . Nedra Haas . Margaret Hart . Felicia Hochman . Ethel Holtzman . Hazel Kilpatrick . Mary Lite . Mary Lungstras . Marjorie McAllister . Virginia Morrison . Camille Miller . Dorothy Mundshenk . Jeanne Nolan . Mary Ann Ottefy . Adele Pallo . Bessie Pessin . Mildred Prelutsky . Lucille Ramsay . Ruth Ritzer . Tillie Schram . Helen Sherp . Goldie Sosna . Ruth Summers . Bernice Susman . Ruth Swartz . Sylvia Tash . Martha Teeters . Lucille Targrove . La Verne Valentine . Ruth Wallerstein . Helen Wayland . Audrey Weisman . Mary Martha Wilkerson . Alice Wissman . Mildred Zelenovitch.

MEMBERS . BOYS . Robert Billings . Robert Buttelle . Stanley Claus . Bernard Erlich . Ralph Evans . Daniel Feigenblatt . Ben Frelich . Harry Galler . Jack Giblin . Mack Giblin . Jack Goldstein . Edward Hill . Deane Keith . James Mahaffey . Joe Manda . Martin Markenson . Edward Mathews . Charles Milton . Mark Noble . Stanley Payck . Stanley Portman . Albert Schueler . Ralph Sherberg . Donald Siegfried . William Warford . Randles Watkins . Thomas Wayne . Sole Weinberg.



The Band and Glee Club

The Band

THE Soldan Band has had its usual busy and successful season. Parades, football games, pep sessions, and Class Day were all enlivened by the presence of the band. The colorful appearance of the band made it the envy of many of its local competitors. Marching formations and catchy tunes add to its success. New and eager boys constantly fill its ranks, and gradually the enrollment has increased to the present sixty-five members, all fully uniformed. Hard work and constant instruction from Mr. Hares has enabled them to become an organization of which the pupils of Soldan may be justly proud.

OFFICERS . Kenneth Kimes, *President* . Fred Sugar, *Vice-President* . Roy Whisnand, *Secretary-Treasurer* . Everett Schneider, *Librarian* . Ernest Hares, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Harold Anderson . Ray Barnholtz . Stewart Benger . Edward Bierman . Carl Campbell . Don Campbell . Frank Darr, Jr. . Edward R. Dellinger, Jr. . Clarence Dicus . Gilbert Drumlivitz . Manuel Drumm . Walter Ehrlich . Jimmie Evans . Ralph Fidler . Sidney Frager . Joe Gershbock . Harvey M. Gillerman . Marvin Goldblum . Martin Greenberg . Alan Hat-

field . Gilbert A. Hoffman . Edmond Houle . Arthur Kaiser . Mytoh Kahn . Melvin Kamenetzky . Kenneth Kimes . Marvin Komen . Harold Kraus . Norris Lateer . Loyd Levy . Walter Lieberman . Bill McFadden . Cyril Meredith . John Meredith . Angelo Oliveri . Ralph Osborne . Kenneth Parker . Marvin P. Pastil . Bill Pickering . Albert Price . David Rones . Bill Root . William Rosenblum . Irvin Rubenstein . Everett Schneider . Harold Schneider . Bruce Schwartz . Earl Siegel . Bill Slimp . Mel Shanker . Fred Sugar . Bob Teeters . Jackson Thursby . Rudolph Torrini . Leland Trump . Charles Twamley . Alvin R. Ukman . Roy Whisnand . Lester Williams . Warren Wischmeyer . Dennis Woodside . Charles Wunsch.

The Glee Club

THIS year, under the excellent guidance of Mr. Hares, the Boys' Glee Club of Soldan enjoyed a most successful year. Among many noteworthy events, the most outstanding was the Washington University Music Festival, in which the club received a decisive and excellent rating. In December of last term the Glee Club sang two numbers over the NBC network. The May Festival was also a great success. The Glee Club, as usual, sang for Class Day and Commencement Day. The appearance of the club in numerous outside engagements widened its popularity. The Glee Club, one of Soldan's most admired organizations, has done fine work and will undoubtedly continue to win laurels for Soldan.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Bob Luck, *President* . Ben Erlich, *Vice-President* . Harry Steinbaum, *Treasurer* . Ross Trower, *Librarian* . Ernest Hares, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Ross Trower, *President* . Ben Erlich, *Vice-President* . Harry Steinbaum, *Treasurer* . Hunter Jones, *Librarian* . Bob Luck, *Student Supervisor* . Ernest Hares, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Bob Bainbridge . Bob Baker . John Baker . Jerry Berzon . John Bonner . William Book . Alfred Brandt . William Brandt . E. Berry Brown, Jr. . George Burgess . Bill Bywater . William Canning . John Caquelard . James Corum . Billy DeBord . Tim Dee . David Earle . Elvin Edwards . Norman Eisenberg . Ben Erlich . Bernard Erlich . Paul Finney . Haymer Flieg . Eliot Fox . Billy Frank . Keith S. Goding . Jack Goldstein . Victor Grossman . John Harmon . George Holt . Philip Jick . Hunter Jones . Wilbur Lawler . Eugene Leipman . Jake Levin . David Lopez . Dave Lowman . Bill Luck . Bob Luck . Howard Lunan . Herbert Marcus . Judson McGuire . Richard Miller . Eugene Moskowitz . Albert Olevitch . Wilbur Penberthy . Byron Pope . Marshall Rhodes . Jack Riordan . Theodore Rosenberg . Irvin Rubin . Sherwin Schilling . Sol Slumsky . Harry Steinbaum . Roger Stephenson . Ross Trower . Hubert Wayne . John Webster . Bill Weil . Ed Werngren . Abbott Wittels . Henry Young . Lyoff Zhito-Mirsky . Nathan Ziegelman.



The Soldan Orchestra

THE Soldan Orchestra, founded in 1912 under its present conductor, Miss M. Teresa Finn, is considered one of the finest musical organizations of the St. Louis public schools, and has been awarded many prizes and honors.

The club now has a fine repertoire, including marches, symphonic numbers, overtures, and lighter popular music. This year the Orchestra has featured in ten or twelve school appearances, and has also appeared on the following programs: Missouri State Teachers' meeting, "In and About St. Louis School Music Club," the Washington University Festival, and the St. Louis Public School Music Festival on May 14, at the big Auditorium Hall.

In this organization, there is a string quartette, a violin quartette, a small ensemble for classical work, and a group for the study of symphonies.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Ruth Steward, *President* . Ed Oresman, *Vice-President* . Jane Hugo, *Treasurer* . M. Teresa Finn, *Director*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Mary Louise Winter, *President* . Morris Krachmalnick, *Vice-President* . Monroe Chandler, *Treasurer* . Jane Hugo, *Secretary* . Maxine Clark, *Librarian* . M. Teresa Finn, *Director*.

BOARD OF ADVISERS . OFFICERS . Charles Hickman, *ex-President* . Ruth Steward, *ex-President* . Marvin Wallach . Miss Teresa Finn, *Director*.

MEMBERS . Jose Benitz . Isadore Berlmán . Melvin Bloom . Harriet Bowman . Eugene Campione . Maxine Clark . Virginia Cottingham . Leo Fixler . Jacob Floom . Angela Galati . Marvin Gerchen . Thomas Goldenberg . Edna Goodman . Rudolph Gross . Charles Hensley . Charles Hickman . Ruth Holdt . Ed Honlle . Edith Horwitz . Jane Hugo . Grant Izmirlian . Elmer Kaegel . Mollie Kalmes . Mitchell Klamer . Morris Krachmalnick . Lily Kramer . Harold Kranzberg . Fern Krentz . Arnold Lami . Jean Larkin . Roslyn Mairson . Elliot Markow . Janet Marz . Alan Mebler . Helen Meyers . Chandler Monroe . Nancy Murphy . Don Newman . Marie Newman . Angelo Oliveri . Ed Oresman . Benjamin Pocost . Dan Rosenbloom . Arnold Sherman . Bernice Schrieber . David Siffer . Ruth Steward . Fred Sugar . Leo Theodore . Ellen Van Mannen . Marvin Wallach . Juliette Weinstock . Martin Weiss . Mary Lou Winter . Le Roy Woodside.



Ellsworth Chapter of the Junior Academy of Science

THE Ellsworth Chapter, better known as the "Phog. Club," was organized in February, 1937, under the sponsorship of Miss Ethel L. Mills, as a chapter of the Junior Academy of Science of St. Louis. Its name, chosen for the noted explorer and aviator, Lincoln Ellsworth, was selected to indicate our desire to follow his example. A master of many trades, Ellsworth is noted as a civil engineer, a geological engineer, an author, an aviator in the World War, and an explorer and pilot in Arctic and Antarctic flights. A product of Columbia and Yale, he has been awarded the Hubbard Medal for heroic and extraordinary achievement in Arctic and Antarctic expeditions from 1925 to 1936, and the Norwegian Gold Medal for life-saving in the rescue of six men from drowning on the trip to the polar regions. Although every luxury was available to him, this great scientist preferred to do things which involved physical hardships if, by doing so, he might help increase the world's knowledge. If members of our club carry his ideal in mind, hopes for the young club are well-founded.

The membership of forty-two Soldan boys and girls is made up of pupils in the upper terms who enjoy the outdoors and wish to learn its secrets.

Although the club is only a few months old, several trips have been taken to the following various points of interest in Missouri and Illinois: the Missouri Caverns, with beautiful onyx formations; the Chain of Rocks, with its glacial drift; Meramec Highlands, with its fossil bearing cliffs; and the Shell Petroleum plant at Roxana, Illinois. A trip to Arcadia, Lake Killarney, Granite Mountain, and Iron Mountain has been planned for the latter part of May. The first annual convention of the Junior Academy of Science was held at Washington University on March 24, 1937. Moving pictures of our trips, a sun dial, and a model of Onondaga Cave made by members of the club were shown as our share of the Convention exhibits.

After a very enjoyable luncheon in the Woman's Building at Washington University, a very interesting trip was taken through the plant of the Missouri Portland Cement Company near the Chain of Rocks.

OFFICERS . Howard Bergen, *President* . Susan Wolfort, *Vice-President* . Edna Mausshardt, *Secretary* . Sidney Feldman, *Treasurer* . Jack Louis Goldstein, *Sergeant-at-Arms* . Ethel L. Mills, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Bennette Adler . Erwin Atchison . Alfred Brandt . Emma Lou Bunch . Michael Corcoran . Bonnie Denham . Eugene Dependahl . Dorothy Farrar . Earl Fay . Daniel Feigenblatt . Frank Finkelstein . Harvey Friedman . Bennett Frelich . Dorothy Grace . Helen Glixman . Shirlee Jaffee . Gordon Julian . Edith Kaiser . Margaret Kelly . Norman Kessler . Marvin Komen . Marian Kreyling . Betty Kunin . Arnold Lavin . Grace Levy . Mary Malloy . Martin Margulis . Doris Meyerson . Isabelle O'Neill . Daniel Pepper . Wilma Privette . Minnette Radunsky . Gladys Richter . Bessie Steinbaum . Elizabeth Wachtel . Shirley Webster . Ann Yoder.



The Agassiz Club

THE Agassiz Club, known as the Botanical Club until 1932, was one of the first clubs organized in Soldan and is devoted to the study of nature. The club was named after Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist.

Under the leadership of our sponsor, Miss Pfeifer, the members have been conducting experiments and preparing exhibitions of biological interest. These exhibitions are usually displayed on "Open House Night."

Meetings are held on every even Wednesday in Room 110, under the sponsorship of Miss Katherine Pfeifer. There are special meetings when some important matter of interest to the members is brought up. At each meeting a lecture is given by one of the members on some biological topic of interest. These lectures are sometimes accompanied by moving pictures.

It has been a tradition of the Agassiz Club to have hikes about once every three weeks, the weather permitting. These hikes, usually "all day hikes," are held on Saturdays or Sundays, and sometimes include a "wiener roast." The hikes prove

very helpful and also very interesting. They give the boys and girls a chance to observe what they study. One of the most interesting trips taken this term was the one to the Normandy High School Biology Division under the direction of Mr. Wendell F. Shay. The Agassiz Club then prepared a specially mounted exhibit for Normandy's return visit.

The club has adopted the policy of giving, at the beginning of each semester, a party for the Soldan pupils who have a high average in biology, thereby gaining profitable members. The membership is limited to fifty pupils, and at present there is a membership of forty-seven boys and girls.

The thing that almost every member looks forward to is the Soldan Scholarship Seal. There are certain requirements expected of all the members in order to get the seal. They are as follows: (1) at least one year's membership, (2) attendance at three-fourths of the meetings and at least two hikes a term, (3) identification of twenty-five spring flowers, (4) identification of twenty-five fall flowers, (5) identification of twenty-five trees, winter conditions, (6) identification of twenty-five trees, summer conditions, (7) identification of twenty-five insects, (8) delivery of at least two talks for the club, (9) the earning of fifteen other honor points.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Lawrence Wallerstein, *President* . Edwin Meiners, *Vice-President* . Ann Williams, *Secretary* . Jack Malin, *Treasurer* . Bernard Erlich, *Program Chairman* . Shirlee Jaffe, *Librarian* . Katherine Pfeifer, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Edwin Meiners, *President* . Charlotte Boch, *Vice-President* . Fred Bierman, *Secretary* . Sara Bermi, *Treasurer* . Leonard Serakoff, *Program Chairman* . Katherine Pfeifer, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Wallace Acton . Otis Adams . Sarah Berger . Sara Bermi . Fred Bierman . Sidney Bierman . Charlotte Boch . Shirley Buchman . Natalie Combs . Margaret Cremer . Ralph Criss . Jane Dick . Bernard Erlich . Rudolph Fox . Marvin Goldstein . Jim Gordon . Delores Grob . Gretchen Hensley . Harris Jackoway . Shirlee Jaffe . Jo-Ellen Kidd . Warren Kincaid . Sylvia Kodner . Eva Koslow . Roslyn Mairson . Jack Malin . Philip Mass . Edwin Meiners . Lillian Nathanson . Tillman Oehler . Irene Pappas . Marvin Purcell . Sylvia Reif . John Roberts . Marian Rodgers . Rita Rosenblum . Gertrude Schwartz . Carol Selzer . Leonard Serakoff . Lillian Serakoff . Mildred Shapiro . Constance Shatto . Edward Stodghill . Dorothy Todd . Mary Veach . Irvin Vierheller . Lawrence Wallerstein . Pauline Wallerstein . Jerome Weissman . June Wilkinson . Ann Williams.



Ha-Ivria

ALTHOUGH it is one of the youngest clubs in the school, Ha-Ivria, the Hebrew Cultural Society, under the sponsorship of Mr. Biegelsen, has become one of the strongest. Since its organization several years ago, the club has increased tremendously in membership, now being one of the largest clubs in the school.

The purpose of Ha-Ivria is to extend the culture of the Semitic peoples; to learn something of their education and their influence on the modern world. The members meet every odd Wednesday to discuss many interesting topics. Among those discussed during the year were: "Archaeology and the Bible" and "The University of Palestine." There was also a debate on the subject: "The Ideals of the Hebrews vs. the Ideals of the Greeks." Often the meetings include Hebrew songs, in which all the members participate, or readings from the works of celebrated Hebrew writers. In the spring term a very interesting project of the club is to give a musicale, which is open to the school. This program consists of Hebrew music, vocal and instrumental. It is the hope of every member that Ha-Ivria will climb to greater heights.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Martin Margulis, *President* . Frances Gershbock, *Vice-President* . Bernice Fadenhect, *Secretary* . Harry Silberman, *Treasurer* . Jules Biegelsen, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Walter Erlich, *President* . Miriam Schimel, *Vice-President* . Ruth Michel, *Secretary* . Harry Silberman, *Treasurer* . Jules Bieglisen, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Bernice Baker . Esther Barnholtz . Frances Barnholtz . Albert Becker . Charlotte Beilensen . Norma Berg . Sara Bermi . Frank Cohen . Gilbert Drumlevitz . Rose Drumlevitz . Sylvia Ehrlich . Walter Ehrlich . Bernice Fadenhect . Evelyn Farber . Edna Rae Feldman . Ruth Feldman . Ethel Finkelstein . Ruth Fox . Sidney Frager . Harry Galler . Jacqueline Goffstein . Melba Goldstein . Thelma Gowsieow . Marvin Haffner . Leah Halpern . Goldie Handler . Sylvia Harris . Mary Sue Hetherington . Florence Jacobs . Frances Kabinovsky . Sylvia Kodner . Dorothy Katz . Sol Katz . Eva Klamen . Donald Kessler . Julia Korchak . Natalie Kraitzer . Frances Land . Dora Leiderman . Elmo Leiner . Miriam Levin . Irene Levy . Roslyn Morrison . Martin Margulis . Ruth Mayer . Sara Meyer . Ruth Michel . Dorothy Molos . Pierce Moonshine . Rachel Moskowitz . Isadore Perlman . Stanley Rosenblum . Shirley Rothman . Selma Satz . Sylvia Schacter . Miriam Schimel . Hadassah Schoomer . Rose Schram . Tillie Schram . Esther Schaver . Kate Schwartz . Selma D. Seltzer . Melvin Shanker . Mildred Shapiro . Irma Shriber . Celeste Siegel . Frieda Siegel . Emanuel Silberman . Harry Silberman . Victor Singer . Loretta Smith . Elizabeth Sosna . Goldie Sosna . Ruth Starr . Elsie Steinback . Rose Stepenoff . Bernice Wax . Betty Wax . Ethel Wax . Irene Wax . Sylvia Werber . Betty Weintraub . Frances Weintraub . Anna Wells . Henrietta Winesuff . Lillian Winesuff . Blanche Zabolsky . Dan Potashnick . Lila Funk . Ruth Brownstein . Ezra Lander . Hyman Zahtz.



The Debating Teams

THE Soldan affirmative team, represented by Morris Cornfeld and Joe Beaver, and coached by Mr. Biegelsen, started the season by defeating McBride on the question: "Resolved, that all electric utilities should be governmentally owned and operated." The negative team, represented by Irwin Chekanoff and Robert Rochman, and coached by Mr. Mathie, lost to Blewett, 2-0. In their second debate, Rochman and Chekanoff tied with Central, 1-1. Soldan tied with Central and McBride for the championship of the West End district, losing to McBride in the playoff.

Beginning with the last semester, the question for debate was: "Resolved, that the Missouri Sales Tax be repealed." In the first debate, the negative, upheld by Ezra Lander and Joe Cowdery, lost to St. Louis University High School. In the second debate, the negative, upheld by Robert Weinhaus and Joe Cowdery, defeated Blewett High School. The affirmative, represented by Cecelia Balch and Frank Cohen, lost its first debate to Central. In the last debate of the year, the affirmative, represented by Theodore Petropoulos and Ezra Lander, defeated the undefeated Roosevelt team, 3-0.

MEMBERS . B. Albert . C. Balch . J. Beaver . J. Brooks . I. Chekanoff .
F. Cohen . B. Cook . M. Cornfeld . J. Cowdery . H. Galler . E. Lander .
A. Mehler . T. Petropoulos . A. Richman . H. Reitz . R. Rochman .
R. Steward . S. Zimbalist.

The Pickering Club

THE Pickering Club, prominent astronomical society of Soldan, has as its sponsor Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis, who has devoted years to the study of astronomy, has been the guiding genius in the advancement of the club. The club, formed in 1919, was named after Professor E. C. Pickering, one of the greatest astronomers this country has produced.

The club owns a four-and-one-half inch telescope, which is of the refracting type. The Pickering Club is a member of the "Astronomical Society of the Pacific" and life member of the "American Association of Variable Star Observers," and receives all of the latest literature printed by these important world organizations. In addition the club has purchased for its library valuable books, which are available to its members in the preparation of reports.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Elliot Markow, *President* . E. Berry Brown, *Vice-President* . Arthur Richman, *Secretary* . Jack Malin, *Treasurer* . Joseph Senne, *Librarian*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Arthur Richman, *President* . E. Berry Brown, *Vice-President* . Constance Shatto, *Secretary* . Elliot Markow, *Treasurer* . Jack Malin, *Librarian* . Alfred Davis, *Sponsor*.





The Camera Club

THE Camera Club, under the sponsorship of Mr. Lyon, plans at the beginning of each term a series of programs to be given on every odd Wednesday afternoon in Room 117. The purpose of the club is to promote better photography and to awaken the students to the enjoyment they can derive from this ever novel and interesting hobby.

The programs are composed of talks, demonstrations, and contests on interesting subjects, such as printing, enlarging, mounting, time exposure, distance judging, mounting, hyper-focal distance, and picture contests. All the pictures entered in these contests are thrown on the screen and criticized and judged by Mr. Lyon on the basis of composition, exposure, and originality. A series of tests in photographic ability gives point and incentive to individual progress. Besides the regular programs the club enjoys hikes and visits to local places of interest.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Dorothy Rossen, *President* . Eugene Glick, *Vice-President* . Blanche Albert, *Secretary* . Bill Kincaid, *Treasurer* . Charles Lewald, *Librarian* . Leslie W. Lyon, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Charles Lewald, *President* . Mac Russell, *Vice-President* . Dorothy Rossen, *Secretary* . Bill Kincaid, *Treasurer* . Ronald Wylde, *Librarian* . Leslie W. Lyon, *Sponsor*.

The Junior Needlework Guild

THE Soldan Junior Needlework Guild, a branch of the International Needlework Guild, was organized in 1930 under the sponsorship of Miss Alvina Raebel.

This charitable organization sews for the needy children in schools, orphanages, and hospitals in St. Louis. On an average of two hundred garments a year are donated. Members of the Guild are required to complete two garments each term or to pay the equivalent value. Associated members are those who cannot attend regularly, but contribute to the club. Dues are thirty-five cents a term. This income, including donations, provides for all material and patterns purchased. All other expenditures are met by individual subscriptions.

The Guild also has its parties and outings. At present the Guild is contemplating a hike before the end of this term. Meetings are held on even weeks in Room B12, and visitors are cordially invited.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Annabelle Wilker, *President* . Lucille Diehl, *Vice-President* . Esther Barnholtz, *Secretary* . Louise Becker, Jeanne Manheimer, *Treasurers* . Rose Block and Joetta Dorffner, *Buyers* . Alvina Raebel, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Goelta Dorffner, *President* . Betty Dubrouillet, *Vice-President* . Lucille Diehl, *Secretary* . Ruth Ingram, *Treasurer* . Annabelle Wilker and Rose Block, *Buyers* . Alvina Raebel, *Sponsor*.





The Philatelic Society, Fall Term

AS THE year-book goes to print, the Soldan Philatelic Society is rejoicing in new honors won. In a contest open to all stamp collectors, whether in club organizations or not, the Mound City Stamp Club, on May 2, awarded first, second, and third junior honors to Leonard Serakoff, Betsey Blackwelder, and Albert Burjoski, respectively, and gave first to the club, as a junior organization. This marks the seventeenth consecutive term of our enthusiastic sponsor's leadership, and the fourth time competitive honors have given us first rank among junior clubs. Our membership has increased to fifty-four, the largest in the club's history.

Special recognition is due the following members: to President Leonard Serakoff, for discovering a plate variety on an obsolete United States one cent stamp, and receiving publicity for this in M. J. Johl's column in the weekly magazine "Stamps"; to Irwin Chekanoff, Leonard Serakoff, and Fred Bierman for winning first, second, and third places in a city-wide radio essay contest in December; to Nancy Grolock, Fred Bierman, Dorothy Frank, Mary McQueen, and Philomena, the Philatelic Pfish (mascot), for making an outstanding success of our weekly publication, "S. P. S. News"; to all who contributed to the success of Open House Exhibits during Fall and Spring terms; to our untiring sponsor, Miss Hildah Levy, whose guidance has brought to the club its present high rating among Junior Stamp Clubs.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Irwin Scheiner, *President* . Leonard Serakoff, *Vice-President* . Marvin Tanzer, *Secretary* . Theodore Petropoulos, *Treasurer* . Jim Gordon, *Librarian* . Hildah Levy, *Sponsor*.

The Philatelic Society, Spring Term

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Leonard Serakoff, *President* . Irwin Chekanoff, *Vice-President* . Fred Bierman, *Secretary* . Theodore Petropoulos, *Treasurer* . Fred Graf, *Librarian* . Hildah Levy, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Billy Andrews . Joe Berger . Fred Bierman . Bob Blumenfeld . Jeanette Brooks . Albert Burjoski . Peter Bush . Irwin Chekanoff . Ray Cox . Ralph Criss . Edward Dellinger . Edward Druzinsky . Fannie Fedder . James Foster . Dorothy Frank . Arthur Goldman . Jim Gordon . Maurice Gordon . Fred Graf . Nancy Grolock . Richard Grossberg . Joe Gould . James Halter . Lionel Herman . Jim Isham . Robert Kingsland . Harold Levy . Mary McQueen . Alan Meyer . Paugh Osseck . Theodore Petropoulos . Norman Platt . David Robinson . Frank Rodgers . Reid Ross . Leonard Serakoff . Lewis Slack . Kurt Salomon . John Snarrenberg . Sheldon Solomon . Gerald Sosnoff . Robert Threnn . Jackson Thursby . James Van Horn . Irvin Vierheller . Ruth Wallerstein . William Warford . Donald Wortman.





The Mathematics Club

THE Mathematics Club, a comparatively new organization, was founded in 1934 under its present sponsor, Mr. Davis. In spite of its youth it can boast of some of the most prominent students of the school. At its meetings subjects of mathematical interest are considered. Its library, which consists of varied books on mathematics, is constantly growing. Frequently mathematical brain-twisters are presented to the school for the students' amusement. The meetings, as a whole, are very informal, and after the business part of each meeting is completed, there is a discussion of interesting topics relating to mathematics. The purpose of the organization is to further an interest in mathematics, the "Queen of the Sciences," among the students, and the club should prove worth while to anyone interested in the subject.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Dave Cornfeld, *President* . Stanley Scheiner, *Vice-President* . Karlyn Cohnberg, *Secretary* . Ernest Robson, *Treasurer* . Irwin Scheiner, *Librarian* . Alfred Davis, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Elliot Markow, *President* . Ernest Robson, *Vice-President* . Karlyn Cohnberg, *Secretary* . Max Garber, *Treasurer* . Charles Johnson, *Librarian* . Alfred Davis, *Sponsor*.

The Rostrum

"AND because of these reasons, honored opponents and friends, we of the affirmative believe that President Roosevelt is fully justified in his plan of reorganization." This is a typical scene in Room 201 on odd Wednesdays. The Rostrum is Soldan's debating club and enables boys and girls to gain efficiency in debating as well as a knowledge of argumentation and good diction.

The programs this year covered many interesting subjects, such as: The Supreme Court Case, America's Policy of Neutrality, and the River Front Project. These debates furnish occasions for clear and forceful expression and encourage the members to form their own opinions after hearing the views of others.

The "Pro and Con" is another project of the Rostrum. This newspaper, which is published by Joe Cowdery, informs the members of plans for coming meetings and other debating news.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Joe Beaver *President* . Irwin Chekanoff, *Vice-President* . Morris Cornfeld, *Secretary* . Frank Cohen, *Treasurer* . Shale Bronson, *Parliamentarian* . E. J. Mathie, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Irwin Chekanoff, *President* . Arthur Richman, *Vice-President* . Robert Rochman, *Secretary* . Frank Cohen, *Treasurer* . Allan Mehler, *Parliamentarian* . E. J. Mathie, *Sponsor*.





The American History Club

THE American History Club holds its meetings in Room 313 on odd Wednesdays, under the sponsorship of Mr. Welch. The members are brought together by their mutual interest in the study of history. This term's topic deals with the United States during the World War.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Sylvia Reif, *President* . Bernice Derlachter, *Vice-President* . Jo-Ellen Kidd, *Secretary* . Alice La Breacht, *Treasurer* . Floyd D. Welch, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Alice La Breacht, *President* . Sylvia Reif, *Vice-President* . Jo-Ellen Kidd, *Secretary* . Lydia Eisenberg, *Treasurer* . Floyd D. Welch, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Lovie Anderson . Bill Canning . Virginia Caquelard . Karlyn Cohnberg . Rosellen Cohnberg . Bernice Derlachter . Jack Dick-Peddie . Virginia Doumouras . Lydia Eisenberg . Bernard Erlich . Evelyn Feldman . Belle Fortus . Jack L. Goldstein . Doris Mae Hacker . Margaret Harrell . Leland Hilligoss . Ruth Johnson . Jo-Ellen Kidd . Alice La Breacht . Sam Lachterman . Sylvia Reif . Miriam Siegel . Mary Veatch . Doine Williams . Miriam Zucker.

The Library Club

Do YOU know the story of *Gone With the Wind*? Have you heard about *An American Doctor's Odyssey*? If you had been a member of the Library Club you would have enjoyed reports on such books as these in our meetings. The club meets on the even weeks of the term with Miss Gertrude D. May, our Librarian, as sponsor. During the fall term the history of the magazine and the types of contemporary magazines were discussed. This term contemporary books and their authors were discussed.

Occasionally games pertaining to literature and authors were played after meetings. A contest was conducted to promote interest and enthusiasm. Points were given for various activities of the members and a prize was awarded at the end of the term. The variety of activities insures the popularity of the club.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Stanley Waxman, *President* . Leona Goldberg, *Secretary-Treasurer* . Ruth Alperin, *Program Chairman* . Gertrude D. May, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Jeanette Pepper, *President* . Leona Goldberg, *Vice-President-Program Chairman* . Ruth Alperin, *Secretary-Treasurer* . Gertrude D. May, *Sponsor*.





The Aero Club

ALTHOUGH the present Aero Club is a comparatively young organization, it is one of the most interesting clubs of Soldan. Originally this organization was formed as the Glider Club in 1929. It was discontinued and then reorganized as the present Aero Club in 1934, largely through the efforts of Clarence Shoppe and several others. The purposes of the Club are as follows: (1) to increase the interest of students of Soldan in aviation, (2) to acquaint members with modern aircraft and construction, (3) to educate members in the science of simple aerodynamics, (4) to assist members in planning, building, and flying model planes, (5) to sponsor an annual miniature airplane tournament.

The Club is just completing, as a project, the construction of a gasoline-powered model for entry in the national races.

OFFICERS . Paul Bischoff, *President* . Tony Schott, *Vice-President* . Richard Markle, *Secretary-Treasurer* . Robert Sparkman, *Sergeant-at-Arms* . Barry Hyndman, *Scrippage Reporter* . L. W. Sieck, *Sponsor*.

The Chess Club

THIS year saw something new in the form of an interscholastic chess league. Although there have been numerous matches between the schools in the past, this is the first time there has been any preconceived league with a set schedule of matches. This league was formed through the efforts of the Soldan Chess Club, and the work of organization was carried on almost entirely by students, with only a few suggestions from the sponsors.

At this writing Soldan is leading the league by a score of 23 to 21 to 12. Cleveland and Beaumont, the other members of the league, are ranking in that order. Although the league this year consists of only three schools, it is believed that the league will be larger next year.

The seven members of Soldan's team this term are: Ezra Lander, Lloyd Levy, Joe Cowdery, Harlow Manes, Albert Lebowitz, Sidney Zimbalist, and Phil Taxman.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Ezra Lander, *President* . David Cornfeld, *Vice-President* . Joe K. Cowdery, *Treasurer* . Weber Thomas, *Secretary* . Lloyd Levy, *Marshal* . E. J. Mathie, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Joe K. Cowdery, *President* . Weber Thomas, *Vice-President* . Gerald Rimmel, *Treasurer* . Phil Taxman, *Secretary* . Ezra Lander, *Marshal* . E. J. Mathie, *Sponsor*.





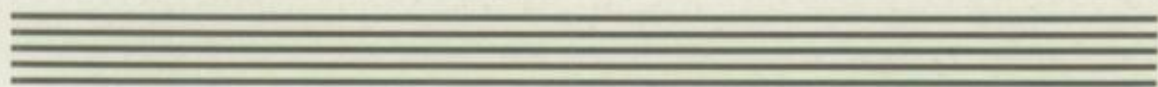
The Cro-Knit Club

THIS year, a group of girls interested in crocheting and knitting banded together under the sponsorship of Miss Weiss and organized the Cro-Knit Club. Next year the girls hope to contribute some of their work to charity. Meetings are held after school on even Wednesdays in Room 216.

OFFICERS . Mary Malloy, *President* . Orene Stilley, *Vice-President* . Sylvia Reif, *Secretary-Treasurer* . Florence Jacobs, *Librarian-Buyer* . Sylvia R. Weiss, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Sylvia Brodkin . Maxine Clark . Adrienne Cohen . May Coons . Bernice Fadenhecht . Evelyn Feldman . Goldie Friedman . Pearl Geeser . Jacqueline Goffstein . Helen Golder . Thelma Goseiow . Betty Jacobs . Frances Kavinovsky . Julia Korchak . Fay Kramer . Sara Liberchuk . Dorothy Malos . Betty Meiners . Leonora Melman . Sara Meyers . Irene Pappas . Mildred Rubin . Ruth Schmidt . Jean Schwartz . Helen Sherp . Marion Shullman . Celeste Siegel . Dorothy Sosnoff . Selma Sova . Bernice Stein . Elsie Steinback . Anita Strauss . Rose Ann Taylor . Elizabeth Wachtel . Doine Williams.

ATHLETICS



THE 2000



Football

FROM the very outset of the 1936 football campaign, Coach Arnold von Lehsten assumed a strictly pessimistic attitude toward his squad. First of all, although five lettermen were returning, only three were starting regulars of the 1935 team. The veterans were Captain Bob Luck, Jerome "Babe" Notowitz, Clyde Newhouse, Arthur Beddoe, and John Hequembourg. Second, religious holidays interrupted daily practices. Third, the team was very light, the line averaging only 151 pounds.

In the initial game of the 1936 season, the Gold and Brown eleven suffered a 19-7 loss at East St. Louis, but made a better showing than in the previous year. Stage fright probably accounted for two touchdowns made by East St. Louis before the game was well under way, as Soldan outplayed the East Side team the greater part of the game. For Soldan, Gus Leggett was outstanding, garnering the lone seven points. Soldan gained ground unusually well in straight line plunges, but on defense failed to intercept constant passes.

In the first league encounter against Cleveland, Soldan finished on the better end of a 6-2 score. Cleveland held a decided weight advantage and used ten substitutes to our three. "Babe" Notowitz was unusually outstanding, but Holt, James, Luck, and the line were directly responsible for the victory.

Soldan's closest game of the year was in an outside encounter with McBride. Soldan, with four minutes to play and the score 13-8 in McBride's favor, advanced sixty yards to within three inches of the last stripe. Though the Gold and Brown team went over the goal line twice in the final few seconds, they were called back for off-sides. Holt and Notowitz were again outstanding in the Soldan attack.

The Soldan football team lost another hard-fought battle when they were subdued by the second-place team in the league, Roosevelt. Again, stage fright or immaturity permitted Roosevelt to garner all her points before Soldan could get started. Once the Gold and Brown got under way, however, the Rough Riders couldn't stop them. On the offense, Notowitz, Hequem-bourg, and Leggett led the team, but Roosevelt had a lead hard to cut away. Roosevelt gained her points by two long runs for touchdowns. Soldan's points were the result of sustained drives, and as both attempts for extra points failed, the final score was 13-12.

Soldan aided in keeping Central scoreless for a half season by trouncing her 18-0. John Hequem-bourg's passing and "Babe" Notowitz's fine running spelled the doom of the Red and Black. Soldan scored in the first two minutes of play on a recovered fumble and a pass to Gus Leggett. Notowitz plunged for the other two scores. The Soldan linesmen allowed only one first down.

In the following encounter with the ultimate undefeated champions, Soldan lost to Beaumont 19-6. Although Beaumont was outgained, outpassed, and outrun, Schwenk, all-city quarterback, caught the Gold and Brown napping twice too often in the third quarter. At the half, the score stood 6-6, with Soldan apparently the stronger team. And then, Schwenk threw two long passes which both resulted in touchdowns. But Soldan had held the champs better than any other league school. Lange of McKinley led his gang to an 18-6 victory over Soldan in the Gold and Brown finale. The Soldanites opened opportunities for their opponents when they fumbled after a five-consecutive-first-down advance, and when they missed punts and offered a half-goal distance penalty. Holt of Soldan recovered a fumbled punt, and Notowitz plunged three times to score. This ended the Interscholastic football season for Soldan, who finished in a three-way tie with Cleveland and McKinley for third place.

In a post-season game on Thanksgiving Day, Soldan suffered a defeat at the hands of Cape Girardeau, 1936 Champs of the Southwest Missouri Conference, by a score of 33-0. Again, the opposition scored 26 points before the Soldan team could get under way to play the greater portion of the game on even terms.

Coach von Lehsten awarded twenty-two letters to his '36 team. Five expect to return: Robert Sweeney, Captain-elect, John Stites, Charles Storz, Rudolph Swistowicz, and Dennis Woodside. The seniors were: Robert Aubuchon, Robert Bakula, David Birenbaum, John Caquelard, George Holt, Thixton James, Arthur Beddoe, Paul Bowers, Jean Christy, Richard Frey, Samuel Sale, Kenneth Spetner, Jerome Notowitz, Ernest Robson, Clyde Newhouse, John Hequem-bourg, and Captain Bob Luck.



Track

THE Soldan Senior Track Team was undefeated after meeting all local teams except Roosevelt and Central. Starting the season by nosing out East St. Louis High School, the team conquered Beaumont, Cleveland, Blewett, Normandy, and Western Military Academy. Foremost among the cinder-burners were the lettermen of the previous year. Charles Storz was elected captain and surpassed in the 100 and 220-yard dash events. Ernest Robson was the outstanding sprinter of the squad in the 100, the 220, and the relay. Soldan's best miler in recent years is Larry Lynn, who always had the endurance to overcome even a 200-yard lead and finished first in the mile in every meet. Eugene Georgen was laid up with a pulled tendon for most of the season, or he would have garnered many a first place in the 440. His position was ably filled by Ralph Reinschmidt. John Caquelard fought hard in the 880 and mile, as did also Harvey Wallerstein and Jean Marshall. Ben Ehrlich was not too busy with his social obligations and senior committee work to come out and win the high hurdles. He was usually a jump ahead of Jean Christy, president of the Senior Class, in the high jump and low hurdles. John Hequembourg was the most versatile member of the squad, participating in the dashes, the relay, the broad jump, the high jump, and the shotput. Storz and Rudolph Swistowicz tossed the 12-pound shot, while Donald Peterson and Paul Bowers reached the height of success in the pole vault. Others who appeared to advantage were Clark Garrison, Paul Blank, Richard Hill, Tom Leong, Bruce Schwartz, and Bernard Ehrlich. The relay

team was composed of the outstanding sprinters, Robson, Storz, Hequembourg, Ben Ehrlich and Reinschmidt. The Senior Division was coached by Mr. Sieck and Mr. Plag.

Soldan's Junior Track Team, capably coached by Mr. Plag and Mr. Svoboda, has performed admirably in all meets to date, having won all of its dual meets. Among those schools defeated were East St. Louis, Beaumont, Cleveland, Western, and Roosevelt.

Soldan presents a strong, well-balanced junior team, although a little more strength is desired in the sprints. However, Soldan's powerful field team will more than offset this slight weakness.

Among Soldan's outstanding junior performers, Captain Warren Rogers deserves first mention. Warren specializes in the 440, but can also run a good 220, and is a capable high jumper. Kenneth Spetner is one of the best half milers in the district. Joe Dowdy, until recently suffering from an injury, may turn out to be the sprinter that the team needs. Howard Smith and Dave Bornstein are outstanding broad jumpers. Smith may be called upon to run the 220, and Bornstein is a capable sprinter. Joe Small and Harold Greenblatt are the team's hurdlers. Soldan has an abundance of excellent shotputters. Among these, Marvin Komen, Dennis Woodside, Joe Brooks, and William Brand are the best. Leeland Trump and Harold Greenblatt take care of the pole vault in a masterly manner. Other members of the team are: Robert Klayman, Jordan Petsoff, and Norman Spetner in the high jump, and Leonard Serakoff and Morris Sosnoff in the dashes. Altogether, Soldan has probably the best junior team in the city, and these boys will form the nucleus of a fine senior team next year.

When the Midgets began to limber up their muscles in the early part of the year, the prospects did not look very bright, for there was only one returning letterman. But when the season opened, Coach Bender and his assistant, Phil Gram, had a team that looked like champs.

The first meet against Beaumont resulted in a victory for Soldan, 42-17. The Midgets chalked up their second victory when they defeated Roosevelt, 37-22. The event with Blewett was the oddest spectacle of the year, for our rivals scored but two points to Soldan's 57. In three meets Soldan scored 136 points to the opponents 41—more than three times as many. Three boys, Joe Iken, "Two-Bits" Newfeld, and Captain Arnie Hochstein scored a total of $114\frac{3}{4}$ points, $21\frac{1}{4}$ less than the whole team scored!

Special recognition should be given to Dr. Bender's student assistant, Phil Gram, for the cooperation and help he has given "Doc." It looks like another Soldan Championship team.



M.C.

The Pep Club

THE Pep Club is an organization for girls who are enthusiastic in their support of school athletics. The club began under the sponsorship of Miss Ulbricht in 1931. When Miss Ulbricht was transferred to Beaumont, Miss Carmody became the new sponsor. Because of her poor health just after her election, Miss Carmody was unable to devote sufficient time and energy to keep the club active, and the membership slowly dwindled.

About two years ago, Mr. Stellwagen interested Miss Roos and Miss Higgins in the possibilities of the club. By the beginning of last year, the club was practically out of debt because of the untiring efforts of the few remaining members. Slowly the school was aroused again to the importance of the Pep Club. Soon the presence of the members in a group at school games leading the cheering began to make an impression. Significant is the fact that all members buy season tickets and some help sell tickets.

This term, Miss Schonhorst, formerly of Blewett, was persuaded to take over the club, so that Miss Roos and Miss Higgins could again devote their time wholly to the G. A. A. and the Dancing Club. The membership, under Miss Schonhorst's sponsorship, has increased to two hundred, and nearly half the members have the

regulation sweaters. Their attendance at games is noteworthy. For instance, almost half of the members showed up at the first basketball game this season. How many other students ventured out on that dangerous night when the air was filled with sleet and the streets and sidewalks were covered with ice?

Every term the club gives a party for the boys on the athletic teams that have participated interscholastically during the term. In previous years letters were awarded at the end of the program. This year letters were awarded in the auditorium, and then everyone assembled in the girls' lunch room for refreshments. Afterwards there was dancing in the girls' large gymnasium. This plan will probably be followed in the future.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Marion Schoenle, *President* . Gwendolyn Burt, *Vice-President* . Anne Taussig, *Secretary* . Mary Frances Lowman, *Treasurer*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Virginia Caquelard, *President* . Ann Taussig, *Vice-President* . Elizabeth Hubbard, *Secretary* . Jane Herman, *Treasurer* . Viola Schonhorst, *Sponsor*.





The G.A.A.

THE G.A.A. is an organization for girls of all terms. The purpose of the Club is to interest girls in sports and to provide recreation for them. Among the sports played by the G.A.A. are soccer, volley ball, basketball, badminton, aerial darts, and ping pong. The fall sports are soccer and volley ball. A tournament between the threes, fours, fives, sixes, sevens, and eights is held, and points are awarded to all members of the teams. Five hundred points are required for a Junior "S," and a thousand points for a Senior "S."

Last fall the soccer tournament came to a play-off between the sevens and sixes. The sevens finally won the championship by defeating the sixes in a 4-0 game. From soccer the attention of the G.A.A. was turned to volley ball. After a few weeks of practice, the tournament began. Again the sixes came to the top to try for the championship; but the fives were at the top, also, and the volley ball tournament ended in a tie between the fives and sixes.

The next event in G.A.A. was the term party. The guest of honor and speaker was Mr. A. O. Anderson, Supervisor of Health and Physical Education. At the party the girls who had earned a Soldan "S" or a Missouri "M" were awarded the letters by Mr. Anderson. The girls receiving senior "S's", which are awarded for

one thousand points, were Dorothea Bumann, Zella Hoffman, Shirley Jaffe, Opal Kinnison, Dixie Oehler, and Irene Pappas. The girls receiving Junior "S's" were Ruth Alperin, Dulsia Barnett, Florence Cohen, Evelyn Davis, Jane Herman, Eva Klamen, Betty Knodel, Rose Kranzberg, Lois Kreiter, Alice La Breacht, Frances Land, Reva Moinester, Barbara McCulloch, Gladys Richter, Doine Williams, Ruth Jappa. Those receiving Missouri "M's" were Ruth Alperin, Virginia Caquelard, Adele Corman, Evelyn Erfer, Alice Ettenger, Leona Goldberg, Ruth Hardy, Eva Klamen, Rose Kranzberg, Irene Pappas, and Dorothy Nisiankos.

After volley ball, basketball practice started. The basketball tournament started at the beginning of the spring term. The sixes were champions, winning four games, and tying one. The sevens were a close second, winning four, and losing one game. After basketball, ping pong and badminton started for the sevens and eights, and ping pong and aerial darts for the other terms. Badminton and aerial darts have just been introduced to G.A.A. this term. The ones and twos have captain ball in the fall, and also volley ball and ping pong. The letters for the spring terms have not been awarded because the party is not held until late in May.

OFFICERS, FALL TERM . Betty Jane Davidson, *President* . Elizabeth Hubbard, *Vice-President* . Virginia Caquelard, *Secretary-Treasurer* . Blanche G. Higgins, *Sponsor*.

OFFICERS, SPRING TERM . Elizabeth Hubbard, *President* . Jane Herman, *Vice-President* . Virginia Caquelard, *Secretary-Treasurer* . Blanche G. Higgins, *Sponsor*.



The Gym Club

GREETING: "Gut Heil." Motto: "A sound mind in a sound body."

The Soldan Gym Club, under the direction of Dr. Koenig, has been in existence for twenty-four years. "Doc" organized the club to provide healthful recreation and to give instruction to boys interested in advanced gymnastics.

Every morning before school and on Wednesday and Friday afternoons, the boys are working on the apparatus. The club has given two exhibitions this spring: one on April 5 at a Mother's Club meeting and another on April 16, on the evening of "Open House." Another exhibition is planned to be given before the student body before the end of the term.

OFFICERS . Ray Johnson, *President* . Robert Bainbridge, *Vice-President* .
Charles Lewald, *Secretary-Treasurer* . Gordon Becker, *Scrippage Representative* .
O. M. Koenig, M.D., *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS: . Bob Bainbridge . Joe Baruzzini . Gordon Becker . Bill De
Bord . James Forsman . John Gentry . Ray Johnson . Dean Keith . William
Lattner . Robert Leavitt . Charles Lewald . John Mazzoni . Don Newman .
Don Peterson . Joe Roesslein . Jimmy Scott . Albert Simon . Bud Smith .
Dick Stough . Russel Wilkerson.

The Cheer Leaders

UPON the arrival of a new school year, "Aud" sessions and athletic events loom large in the student's vision. Early in the year, a cheerleading group was formed and coached by Mr. Welch and former cheer leaders. From this group, representatives of the school selected four: Paul Blank, Art Kaiser, Harry Steinbaum, and Dick Stough. The boys incorporated their cheering with handsprings and new cheers, many of which have been adopted permanently.

Although the football team was not "tops," the Soldan cheering section, with the assistance of the Girls' Pep Club, soon became one of the best and largest. The cheer leaders again were given the chance to flaunt their skill when the scene of the basketball games was shifted to the St. Louis University Gymnasium and the time was changed from afternoon to night. On Field Day and at numerous "Aud" sessions held throughout the year, the cheer leaders gave impressive performances and proved that Soldan is still among the best in school spirit.





The Dancing Club

ANYONE passing the Girls' Gymnasium between three and four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon will hear the rhythmic tapping of the Dancing Club. These girls gather each week to learn all they can about tap dancing, and many are now well on their way towards becoming good dancers. The group is divided into three sections: a beginners' class for those who have had no instruction before; an intermediate class for those who have had a little instruction; an advanced class for those who know the elementary steps very well and are able to hold their own in complicated routines.

The club is trying out a new system of instruction this term, which is proving very successful. Under the kind and able instruction of Miss Roos, three assistants are working, one directing each section. These three girls are outstanding dancers in the club. At each lesson, after twenty minutes practice of elementary steps in which

every girl participates, the group is divided into its three sections, one meeting in the large gymnasium, another in the small gymnasium, and the third in the ping-pong room. In these small sections dances are taught by the assistants. This instruction goes on for twenty-five minutes. Then for the last fifteen minutes of the period, all sections are brought together again in the large gymnasium to show each other the progress made in each dance.

The girls are learning so rapidly under this system that probably it will be adopted as a permanent policy. The work is hard, it is true, but, with it all, the dancers are having lots of fun, as you will see if you visit us any Wednesday afternoon between the hours of three and four.

OFFICERS . Edna Bess, *President* . Dorothy Dossinger, *Vice-President* . Virginia Jones, *Secretary-Treasurer* . Shirley Webster, *Accompanist* . Charlotte Roos, *Sponsor*.

MEMBERS . Bennette Adler . Dulsia Barnett . Dolores Boettcher . Virginia Brainard . Thelma Brown . Jean Butler . Harriet Campbell . Ruby Davis . Mary J. Davis . Virginia Dickerson . Dorothy Farrer . Anna Feinstein . Lucille Fixler . Lillian Frank . Charlotte Freeman . Edna Goodman . Virginia Grant . Audrey Haldi . Bernice Hemple . Virginia Hoff . Lawanda Hughes . Mary Louise Hull . Francis Katz . Betty Kellner . Muriel Kolker . Lida Ladit . Dorothy Maroney . Elizabeth Meyer . Amy Morton . Dorothy Mundschenk . Sylvia Novak . Katherine O'Connell . Isabelle O'Neill . Patricia Peck . Shirley Peterson . Leona Pollack . Anita Reichter . Alma Scott . Bernice Schreiber . Charlotte Shamsky . Leadora Sparberg . Mabel Stidger . Genevieve Stroud . Margaret Thacker . Virginia Thomas . Dorothy Todd . Cyrene Voda . Edith Weighton . Lois Zwick.



The Swimming Team

AT THE beginning of the season a championship looked almost certain, for all but two lettermen returned from last year. Roosevelt's strong team and our loss of two lettermen were not anticipated. Soldan won from Roosevelt, Blewett, and McKinley, but lost to Western Military Academy and to Roosevelt in a second meet. We placed second in the Interscholastic Meet and third in the State Meet.

The lettermen of this year are: William Brand, Captain, Morton Lee Levitt, Secretary, Fred Armstrong, William Armstrong, Jack Giblin, Mack Giblin, Julian Roman, Julius Sandler, Melvin Roselman, Bill Baker, and Sam Sale. The other members are Harvey Gillerman, William Frey, Frank Ottofy, Maurice Levine, Philip Smith, John McGuire, and Marvin Blumberg.

Several feats were outstanding: the championship free style relay team composed of Levitt, Sandler, Armstrong, and Brand placed first in the Interscholastic and State meets; and Brand broke the record at the Western Military Academy pool, at the Interscholastic Meet, and at the State Meet in the hundred yard breast stroke.

Next year looks promising because only one letterman is graduating.

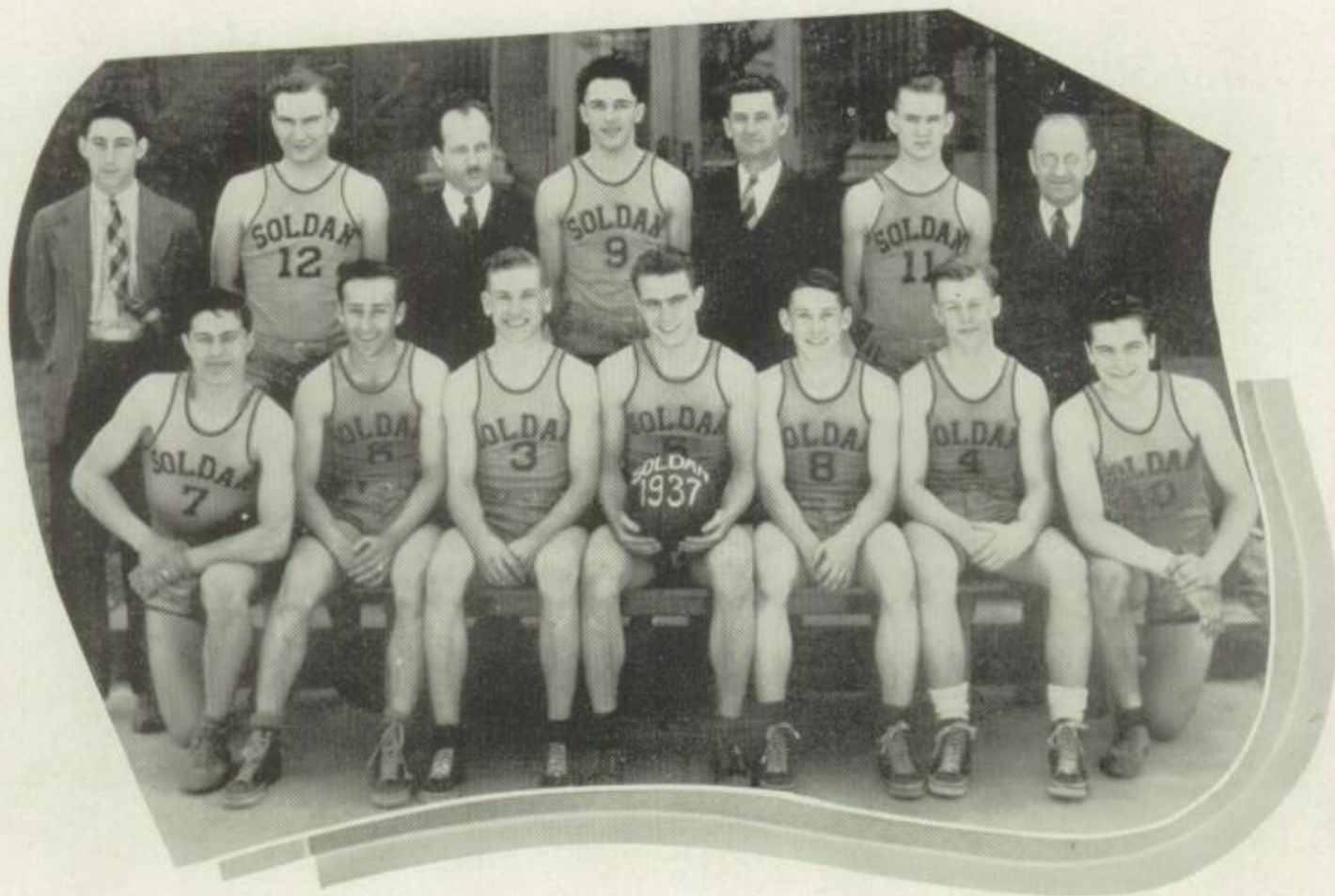
The Tennis Team

THE 1936 Tennis Team had only one returning veteran, its captain and first singles player, Jimmy Johnson. In spite of the lack of returning lettermen, Coach Plag welded together a strong team, which won 16 out of 24 matches. The team lost only to Beaumont and to Roosevelt, whose experience was the main factor in their victory. Our final standing in fourth place was not so low as it might seem, for only two percentage points separated us from second place. The 1937 team will have every advantage given it towards winning the championship, as only two men are lost, Johnson and Waxman.

The highest individual rankings on the team went to Levy and Waxman in the doubles. By winning five out of six matches, they ranked second only to Beaumont's championship doubles team, which won all six of its matches.

The members of the team are: Jimmy Johnson, first singles player; Dick Russell, second singles player; Bob Friedman, third singles player; Stanley Levy and Stanley Waxman, doubles team; and Marvin Wallach, Alfred Brandt, and Sam Sachterman, alternates.





The Basketball Team

OUR basketball team did not fulfill the expectations of the school for more than one reason. First, the team was hampered by the injuries of Al Burnett and Captain Hequem bourg. Second, the mid-year graduation of Ken Parker and Jerry Notowitz weakened the team.

Only once during the season did we have our full strength. During this time we were victorious over University City, champions of the county, Webster Groves, and Roosevelt. We were defeated by Beaumont, champions of the City League, and Blewett. The Blewett game was the best game in the league this year, ending with the score of 22-21 in three overtime periods. Although our record is not outstanding, we had ten of the most determined players in the league, who never gave up until the final whistle.

Our forwards were Joe Dowdy and Al Burnett, with Ralph Pearlstein and Marvin Komen alternating. At center we had Howard Smith and George Holt. Dick Stough and John Hequem bourg held positions at guards, with Dennis Woodside and Martin Weiss alternating. Joe Dowdy and Captain Hequem bourg received honorable mention for the All-City Team at the end of the season.

The Baseball Team

THE 1937 baseball season opened with bright prospects as a large group of one hundred and eleven boys, including nine lettermen, reported to Coach White. However, the loss of Co-Captain Steinbaum, the ineligibility of Eudaley, the injuries suffered by Goldblum, and the sickness of Lowman, greatly weakened the team.

Coach White, despite these handicaps, put a strong combination on the field: first base, Goldblum; second base, Marks; shortstop, Cigno; third base, Colpi; left field, Co-Captain Rosenberg; center field, Peterson; right field, Leipman; catcher, Baker; pitcher, Pearlstein. Substitutes who showed ability were: Kohlbrenner, Smith, Ailsworth, and Lunan, infielders, and Powers and Salzman in the outfield. Other capable moundmen were Huge, Marshall, and Oleovitch.

In league competition Coach White's team, to date, has lost to Cleveland, 10-2; Blewett, 10-5; and Roosevelt, 9-4. The Whitemen have compiled a better than .500 average in interleague competition.

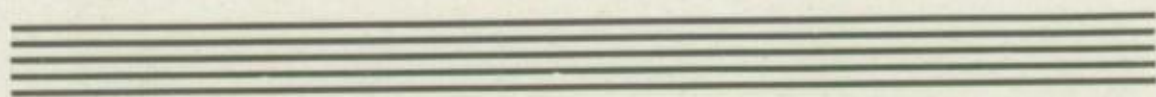
The most potent hitters were Pearlstein and Peterson. Leading defensive players were Peterson, Co-Captain Rosenberg, and Cigno. Coach White received valuable assistance from two student coaches, Stanley Portman and Harry Steinbaum.





FRANK LOUIS SOLDAN HIGH SCHOOL

LITERATURE



Moth

A LITTLE white moth
Danced frantically
Around my light.

Into my window stared the black night.
I do not know where she came from.

I turned out the light;
She fluttered down to the deep, soft rug
And walked upon it
Like a princess.

What! I will have no moth
To eat holes in the wool.

I put my hand down
To touch her soft, white, silken wing.
I held her by her thin, soft wings.

Captive!
I rushed away
Down the long, dark stairs,
And every bit of life within her
Quivered in her captive wings.

I reached the door
And opened it.
Night took one step toward me
And stared.

I reached my hand out
And let her go,
Then closed the door
And walked back up
The long, dark stairs.

Night stared into my window—
So.

Mary Sue Hetherington, June, '37.

Shop

THE DAY is gloomy, damp; and rain
 Patters down the skylight grey;
 And some few drops creep through
 A crack, and splash into a puddle
 On the floor. Scarce heard is the rain,
 For all the rattling whirr of lathes;
 And near the grindstone sits a pot,
 A half-inch thick on either side
 With long accumulated rust.
 My eye is fascinated by the trail
 Of sparks that never cease to spin:
 As round and round the grindstone goes,
 The never-ending ring of spiked fire
 Whirls, and whirls, and whirls in the gloom.
Mary Sue Hetherington, June, '37.

Writer's Complaint

AH, LIFE, with all thy bitterness, I ask
 What is the purpose of each coming day;
 What can one mortal give to life, I say,
 When happiness is but a player's mask?
 When life is but a memory in cask
 Or passing wind which haunts a narrow way,
 Or on the empty stage, a moment's play,
 A hollow death, a half-completed task,—

Why do we think that we can make a scratch
 Upon the smooth, broad stone of records kept?
 One man is but a feeble flick'ring match
 In those great halls where many ghosts have slept:
 There, only names immortal are engraved,
 And only works of Shakespeare will be saved.
Mary Sue Hetherington, June, '37.

Atropos

GONE is the rage of the water;
Calm is the storm of the sea;
Lost are the ship's sturdy sailors;
None have survived but me.

Sunk is the wealth of the cargo;
Spoiled is the prize of that store;
Drowned are the ship's merry people;
Gone; they are here no more.

Spun was the wheel of misfortune;
Cast was the lot of their fate;
Doomed was each innocent person;
Death claimed each one as a mate.

Hyman Zahtz, Term 5.

Through the Years

"TOMORROW I'll be sweet sixteen,"
Said a pretty, young girl;
"Then I'll be a young lady,
And I'll put my hair in a curl."

"Tomorrow I'll be twenty-one,"
Said a nice young lady;
"And then I'll be a woman,
And I'll marry Tim O'Grady."

"Tomorrow I'll be forty,"
Said the woman with a sigh;
While thinking of her lost youth,
A teardrop dimmed her eye.

"Tomorrow you'll be seventy,"
Said the child; "that's very old."
"Yes," replied the grandmother,
"Life's tale is nearly told."

June Davis, June, '37.

Quay Dreams

I LOVE to sit upon this quay
From morning until night,
And watch the fishermen mend their nets
And ships grow into sight.

I watch the ships come into port
With great white sails outspread,
And listen to the screaming gulls
Flying overhead.

The ocean water beckons me;
I dream of that far time
When I may go out sailing
To some mysterious clime.

I'd sail the deepest ocean,
And roam the widest sea;
From Mandalay to Mexico
I'd wander vagrantly.

I'd rob the passing merchant ships,
And shoot and kill the crew;
I'd pillage and I'd plunder—
And drown the people too.

I'd load my ship with treasures,
And sail to my home town
To hear the shouting and the cheers
Acclaiming my renown.

The summer moon is rising,
While I linger on the quay,
And still my eyes are dreaming
Their vision of the sea.

But now a voice is calling,
And now the windows gleam;
It may be home—and supper—
Are better than my dream.

Alfred Brandt, June, '37.

A Dream

IN THE gorgeous evening sunset,
When a jungle day is through,
I come to the edge of the water,
To sit and dream of you.

I sit on the shore of the ocean,
Watching the surf come in,
Hoping some day I'll find you
Just as you've always been.

In my dream I can see you standing
At the helm of a sailing boat,
With the wind blowing your hair apart,
But never touching my hope.

For many a year I've traveled,
Following that little beam,
Always hoping I'll find you
As you are in my poor dream.

Madalyn Rudolph, June, '37.

The Duel

COUNT NORMADINE has sworn revenge,
For he's lost his lady fair;
A peasant bold, named Robinson,
Has won her loving care.

The peasant lad, he could have slain,
But Normadine loved fray;
He challenged peasant Robinson
To duel with swords next day.

Now Normadine was very strong,
And skillful with the blade;
And Robinson had won renown
When fighting for his maid.

The day had come; the sky was clear;
Both men were on the field;
Each with his aides was ready now,
With hatred unconcealed.

And so a crowd had gathered there:
Among them was fair Rose,
The lass whom they were fighting for;
She tried to stay their blows.

But neither would refrain from strife:
Who lived, would win her hand;
And so the battle did begin,
And grimly they did stand.

They fought with all their might and main;
No telling blow was dealt
Till Normadine, with one hard thrust,
Poor Robinson did belt.

The peasant knew his end was near;
So with one final thrust,
He threw his sword at Normadine—
They both slumped to the dust.

With both men dead, poor Rose did cry,
For she'd lost her lovers true;
But soon she found another love,
And then forgot these two.

Thus, Normadine had fought in vain,
And Robinson had died;
Which shows that fighting for a maid
Is never justified.

Stanley Scheiner, January, '37.

The Fortune Teller

LONG ago a lovely maiden
Went to have her fortune told;
Mused the maid, "Shall I be happy—
Rich in happiness or gold?"

But a youth had gone before her,
Knowing she would soon be there;
And he paid the gypsy silver,
Smiling, "Let her know I care."

Just outside the youth was waiting,
Bending low to catch each word.
When the gypsy said, "You'll marry,"
Joyfully the suitor heard.

Said the gypsy, "He'll be faithful,
Handsome, laughing, tall, and strong;
Though his syllables may falter,
In his heart there is a song."

Dreamily the girl was thinking
Of the boy outside the door;
Blushfully she rose and murmured,
"You don't have to tell me more."

June Davis, June, '37.

Theophilas of Sandy Hollow

THIS particular Monday morning was the day after Easter Sunday. The sun beamed down on the black, kinky heads of Goliath and Theophilas Brown as their bare feet slowly covered the space between Mammy Liza's cabin and the shady sand ditch. Sandy Hollow, as it was called, served the purpose of a playground for the pickanninies of about eighteen black mammies who performed the duties of the various families in a small town.

The April sunshine brought large beads of perspiration to the foreheads of the little group that had joined Theophilas and Goliath. While Theophilas mumbled in the annoying heat, a small boy, not quite so black as himself, approached him: "Theophilas, Bruddah Jackson sed fo' me to tell yo' to git dem flowahs outa de chu'ch an' he'd gib 'em t' us."

"Praise de Lawd. Now we kin mek a castle in di san' and put de flowahs 'round it." The little group had by that time reached the ditch, and each had taken his turn sliding down the bank. When Theophilas told them about the Easter lilies at the church, they were eager to help him transfer the flowers to Sandy Hollow. They arrived at the church soon afterwards.

After several years of experience, the younger generation had accepted Theophilas as their leader in all such undertakings as this. Under his guidance the Easter lilies were soon in the large ditch, to be made the floral background of the future sand castle. Throughout the day, scores of small black hands gave willing help in the production of the largest and best mansion ever seen in Sandy Hollow. They piled the damp sand higher and higher, molding it into a product of their fantastic imagination. By dusk the desired masterpiece was near completion. The group of eager, happy negroes reluctantly left their beloved playground for a supper of pork, hot sweet potatoes, big fluffy biscuits, and possibly apple tarts.

The evening air was still very sultry as Theophilas and Goliath entered Mammy Liza's cabin. During the course of their meal, low rumblings of thunder were heard, and Theophilas was seen to exchange a knowing glance with Goliath. The talkative boys became so silent that Mammy Liza looked at them suspiciously: "Whut fo' is yo' boys so quiet? Is y'all got some mischief up yo' sleeves?"

The boys bent sheepishly over their supper and quickly finished the meal. While their mother was cleaning the kitchen, they hastened to the other room of the cabin, only to see a slow drizzle gently coming in the window. The kinky heads went together, and Theophilas was the first to speak: "How is we gwine save dat castle wid out Mammy ketchin' us gwine out in de rain?"

Goliath, scratching his head thoughtfully, offered a suggestion: "Ef'n yo' take dat ole oil clof whut Mammy covahs de hawg pin wif in wintah an' runs down dar ril fas', mebbe Ah kin keep Mammy in de kitchen til yo' gits bak."

"Wal, yo' watch de do' whilst Ah fetch de oil clof."

"Mammy's went to feed de chickens. Fetch de clof 'fo' she gits back. Hide it quick, heah she comes."

"G'lith, ef'n yo' don' keep Mammy in dat kitchen 'till Ah gits bak, dey won' nobody save yo' frum mah fis's."

"Stop lallygagging Th'oph'lus an' git yo' wuk dun."

This time Theophilus wasted no time in reaching Sandy Hollow. He knew that if he succeeded in saving the castle, he would be the hero and idol of his playmates. He would heighten the distinction he had already achieved of being the son of the most beloved Mammy in the "quarters." He also knew that if he failed to get back and dry himself before Mammy Liza found it out, he would remember the outcome longer than he would his glory.

When he reached the ditch, the night had become an inky black, and the rain had increased to a heavy shower. He had difficulty in finding the slide, and when he at last descended, he slipped in the wet sand. Fear surged through him. Was it too late to save the cherished castle? It was even darker in the ditch, and Theophilus felt a thousand eyes peering at him through the rain drops. Fearing that he would stumble over the castle, he crawled along on his hands and knees. Finally his outstretched hand came in contact with the sandy wall and knocked part of it down. Theophilus hastily threw the large cloth over the sand castle, and anchored this hastily improvised tent with the boards which had been used in packing the sand.

"Dis rain'll keep dem flowahs fresh," he mumbled; "but ef'n Mammy ketches me Ah won' be able to walk dis fah to see 'em." Theophilus hastily finished his errand and ran as swiftly as possible through the wet sand. Once he fell over a small branch, and, thinking it a snake, fairly flew to the opening where the slide was. As he leaped up the embankment, his foot slipped, and he landed in the bottom of the ditch. Although he was thoroughly frightened, he climbed the slippery bank with more care and gained the top, only to find the rain pouring on him in torrents, and the sky streaked with lightning. The lightning almost gathered him in its forks, and the thunder clapped about him in such a way that he did a thing which, if he had had a witness, would have lessened his reputation for bravery. He burst into tears. Now unmindful of the narrow path, he ran blindly ahead. A flash of lightning showed him that he had lost the path.

He stopped in his flight to gain his bearings. The cold rain beat against his bare head, and he began to sneeze violently. Here was a new fear. He knew that Mammy would give him a big dose of sulphur and molasses, and that he would have to stay in bed with hot towels on his head. Goliath and the others would then finish the giant castle alone, and he wouldn't even be able to see it.

A streak of lightning flashed again, and Theophilus thought he saw the path. He waited, and at the next flash he was sure he had found it. Taking to the path with renewed celerity, he began to pray: "Lawd, Lawd, please he'p me fin' de way home. Ah's been a purty good niggah; please, Lawd, tek me bak to Mammy and G'lith. Oh, Lawd, show me de way to de cabin. Ah di'n rilly mean no harm slippin' 'way frum Mammy. Please, Lawd, he'p me fin' de cabin."

As he splashed along, breathing heavily, Theophilas began to sneeze more than ever, and failed to notice the light ahead of him. Between sneezes he resumed his tearful prayers: "Lawd, Lawd, Ah wan's mah Mammy; please tek me home. Oh! Law—neb' mine, Lawd, heah's de cabin."

Even though he was overjoyed at finding his home, he rather hesitantly climbed the steps. When he opened the door, there were his Mammy, Goliath, and several neighbors with their little pickaninnies sitting about a glowing fire. His tearful mother rushed to him and wiped the rain from his face with her apron. His brother and jubilant friends surrounded him, asking questions that he heard indistinctly from his Mammy's arms.

Quickly, Theophilas was undressed, put into his night clothes, and given the sulphur and molasses—which, strange to say, he hardly tasted. He was in bed, with Mammy Liza crooning softly over him and with a dozen pairs of admiring eyes staring at him. In a daze he heard Mammy's soothing voice: "Mah deah lil' boy. Don' yo' know yo' is lible to tek newmonya and die and have to be buried in a deep hole way out in a lonely place?"

A very hoarse and sleepy voice replied from the pillows, "Wal, ef'n Ah do, Ah'll rose agin."

May Hodges McQueen, Term 5.

Pinchley's Academy

IN 1803 "Pinchley's Academy for Boys" was not unlike that of Charles Dickens' "Master Squeers," and the pupils were just as rebellious. The most mischievous of them all were the Farrell twins, Bill and Bob. Mrs. Farrell, recently widowed and left with a large estate and two boisterous boys of nine years, had asked for advice from Mr. Pinchley, an eccentric friend of her father's. He naturally spoke in his own favor, suggesting that the boys be sent to his school while Mrs. Farrell took a trip abroad.

Mr. Pinchley's school was most unusual, and his students rarely remained after the circumstances became known. One of his favorite tricks was to punish the boys for misbehavior by making them work in the yard or around the building during their study hours. The next day, when the lads appeared without their lessons, they were assigned more work, thereby saving Mr. Pinchley the cost of a janitor or a caretaker. To a casual visitor the school seemed quite satisfactory, but when the boys became acquainted with the conditions, they wrote to their doting parents and were hastily removed. So the bulk of the student body consisted of boys placed there by foster parents or by relatives having no interest in the welfare of the boys.

The unfortunate twins, being unable to communicate with their mother, had to remain in school for a year. They entered in the late spring and were determined to make Mr. Pinchley pay. On the very first day, as they stood in his cold, barren office and looked at his cold, barren face while he droned out the many rules and regulations, they realized that enmity was to exist among them.

In the beginning the Farrells were not accepted by the other boys; for their well-made suits, their happy, healthy faces, and blond, shining curls typed them as belonging to the class that came and went within a week. But this opinion was soon changed, for their enterprising natures soon made them leaders of the rebels.

During the first week the twins decided to engage in a vigorous campaign of misconduct, and in a surprisingly short time they were skilled in all the accredited methods of making a teacher's life miserable.

One day, during a skirmish with paper wads, a stray bullet flew into the enemy's territory and hit the general on top of his shiny, bald head. He wheeled about, red with anger. The well-trained, bland expressions on the faces of the other boys showed him nothing. The Farrells, however, were bursting with laughter. He collared them and dragged them, kicking and squealing, down to Mr. Pinchley's office. As a penalty they were given an extra amount of work and deprived of supper for two days. The former was quite a load; but the latter was fairly easy, for the meals consisted of soggy mush, thin gruel, and dry bread, supplemented on Sundays with a bit of dried beef and lumpy potatoes.

During the summer the twins ran away to a nearby wood, where they lolled on the mossy banks and watched the lazy river or the fleecy, drifting clouds. Of course they realized that they would be caught and punished, but they resolved to enjoy themselves while they could. When asked for the reason for their scandalous conduct, they merely replied that they had been hungry for some fish. Obliging, they were served fish every day for two weeks—a considerable expense for Mr. Pinchley, but, from his point of view, a sound investment and a great amusement.

In the fall their luck changed; a new teacher came to miser's heaven. Mr. Dick was a young man who was very sympathetic towards the boys. His popularity did not, however, put an end to all pranks, and his inability to tell the twins apart led to a number of amusing situations. On one occasion he gave Bob several severe blows for putting bits of a blotter in his inkwell to absorb the ink, bending his pen points, and breaking the points of his pencils. While Bob stood in front of him, his hair ruffled and his blue eyes filled with tears, Bill crawled around the side of the desk and whispered a few words to his twin. Then, while Mr. Dick turned his back to write a note to Mr. Pinchley, the boys changed places, and in front of him stood a neat, composed boy who haughtily stalked off, saying, "You didn't hurt me!"

They became great pals after that, however, and he learned much of their home life. When, at last, a letter came informing the twins that their mother was home, Mr. Dick sent her a note and called upon her on his first day off. From then on there were many meetings, and finally Mr. Dick brought promising news for the boys.

Mr. Pinchley began to look more worried, and he tightened up on the whole school. Word got around that he was losing the school because he could not settle a long deferred debt. Nothing was definite except that the riding lessons, where the students drove a plow horse over a field, had been done away with, and extensive gardening had been taken up. The noble steeds, one blind and the other lame and mangy, had been sold.

In December, Mr. Pinchley went around to the classrooms to announce that the yearly Yuletide Feast, consisting of hash and tea, would be done away with that year for financial reasons.

On Christmas Eve the word was passed around that all the boys were going to meet in the assembly hall, where Mr. Dick had a treat for them. What a sight greeted their eyes! A huge Christmas tree, gaily decorated, stood on the stage amid piles of boxes, Mr. Dick, and a pretty lady. After the boys had been finally hushed, Mr. Dick introduced Mrs. Farrell, and she rose to speak. She told the boys that she had purchased the school and that the Christmas party was in celebration of the new ownership. As she paused, the boys saw a tall, gaunt figure in the doorway. For a second everything was still; then the boys sprang up, shouting and stamping, stumbling over one another to get to poor Pinchley.

No one knows what they might have done had not Mrs. Farrell gone down and brought Mr. Pinchley to the stage. She appointed him principal of "Farrell's Academy"—under her new ruling. The poor man was so grateful that he had to turn away to hide his tears of gratitude.

From then on the party was very gay. The presents were distributed, Mr. Pinchley hopping back and forth delivering the parcels. Then with shining eyes and smiling faces the boys lifted their childish treble voices in joyous Christmas songs till the old walls rang and the neighbors stuck their nightcapped heads in to see what was going on. Then they all joined hands—Mr. Dick being careful to get Mrs. Farrell's hands—and wished one another a Merry Christmas. It was exactly that, and many happy years followed.

Elenor Fish, Term 6.

King

IN THE small town of Stranton, Kansas, there was one king, and only one—Blackie. Blackie was the supreme ruler of all animals in the town. Even though he was nearly twelve years old, the way he would strut down the street, with his black body and his curled tail shining in the sunlight, was enough to let any stranger know that Blackie was a dog to be respected and feared. He had been chosen by big John Blake, out of all the dogs at the pound, to be watch-dog at the Blake Furniture Store. For eleven years, he had faithfully guarded the store against intruders. Elmer's Restaurant across the street had been broken into twice in the last two years, and the clothing store two blocks down the street had been robbed and hundreds of dollars worth of suits and overcoats had been stolen. But not a burglar had gone near the Blake Furniture Store for eleven years.

Blackie was naturally mean when he came to live in the shipping room at Blake's, but soon he was wagging his tail at the sight of Blake or Jim Stone, the shipping clerk. No one in the whole furniture store dared come near Blackie except these two men, because one low growl was enough to warn anyone to keep at a safe distance.

One day a peculiar thing happened. A stranger came into the store to get an order from Stone, and Blackie did not even so much as open his eyes to see who it was. When Stone offered Blackie a bite of his sandwich at lunch time, he didn't even sniff at it. Jim petted him and found that his nose was extremely warm—a sure sign that the animal was sick. Immediately Jim got the afternoon off and took Blackie to a nearby town where there was a dog hospital. Blackie was given medical attention for three days, and then he was sent back to his old job as watch-dog at Blake's. From then on Blackie didn't seem the same. He lost his crown as king of the dogs in Stranton, and he seemed to get lazier every day.

As John Blake passed the dog pound on his way home one night, he paused and went in. He explained to the attendant that Blackie was getting old and was not efficient as a watch-dog any more. The attendant pointed to a St. Bernard dog that was scheduled for the gas chamber on the following day if no one claimed him or bought him. When Blake went up to the cage, a low growl convinced him of the dog's qualifications. The St. Bernard was delivered at nine o'clock the next morning, but he was kept tied up all day because Blackie maintained a watchful eye on his latest companion.

That night John Blake made a big mistake when he failed to close the door that separated the office from the shipping room. Blackie had been given a special bed under a table in the office, and the huge St. Bernard had been turned loose to keep a watchful eye on the furniture store.

If anyone had been present in the Blake Furniture Store that night, he would have witnessed a fight greater than any fight in the history of dogdom. About two hours after everyone's bedtime there was a low growl from the office of the store. An ex-king was challenging the St. Bernard to fight for the right of being the one and only watch-dog at Blake's. The St. Bernard barely had a chance to answer

the challenge before Blackie was upon him. They rolled and tumbled over crates and cases. They growled, snarled, and snapped at each other's throat until finally the St. Bernard crashed through a window and disappeared into the night just as abruptly as he had come that morning. Blackie limped back to his bed in the office and kept his watchful eye open for the rest of the night. No one ever knew what became of the St. Bernard; only Blackie had the answer to that riddle.

One night two weeks later, after everyone had left the office, a creaking sound came from the shipping room. Blackie became tense and his ears were straight, listening and waiting. Soft footsteps came to the office door, and a shabbily dressed man entered cautiously. He went toward the safe, and with expert fingers began to turn the dials. Meanwhile, Blackie straightened; every muscle was tense, waiting. At last the safe opened, and the man emptied the cash into a small sack.

As the burglar turned to go, a low, deep growl came from beneath the table near the door. Slowly a black, sleek animal emerged into the pale darkness of the room. The man scrambled to his feet and retreated into a corner, while Blackie, crouched six feet in front of him, barked so viciously that the noise awakened the whole neighborhood. Presently big John Blake, accompanied by a patrolman, came to the front door and entered slowly. Blackie backed away, still growling, as the officer took charge of the trembling thief.

A few days later Blackie trotted down the street with a medal pinned to his collar, and you could tell by the way he snubbed all dogs in sight that he was again king of all canines in Stranton.

Ted Curtis, June, '37.

The Careful Workman

TERRY turned sharply as a rough voice shouted, "Take it easy there. What are you trying to do—break down the old fellow's door?"

The dim light from the shop window told Terry that the speaker was a heavy-set policeman, whose round face was red from the cold winter wind.

Growing suspicious, the officer stepped closer and repeated his question.

Terry pointed toward the shop. "The old man in there—he's a watchmaker, isn't he?"

Through the window could be seen a small, bent old man, whose white hair grew low on his neck. On his head he wore a skull-cap, and around his shoulders was a black coat. He held a jeweler's eyeglass to his eye, and seemed to be conscious of nothing but his work.

"Careful Sam? Sure, he's a watchmaker, and just about the best one in town, too."

"Then," asked Terry, "why doesn't he open up for a customer. My watch here is broken, and I'd like to have it fixed. Is the old man deaf or something?"

The officer grinned. "No, not deaf; just a man of habits. Sam here closes shop at ten o'clock, and then works for hours on his watches undisturbed."

"But it'll only take about five minutes to fix it," insisted Terry.

"You must be a stranger in this town," the officer said, "or else you'd know that Old Sam wouldn't open after ten if someone wanted to buy the biggest diamond in his safe."

Terry's dark eyes narrowed almost unnoticeably. He smiled. "I am a stranger in town; as a matter of fact I got off the train only a half hour ago. Well, I guess the watch can wait until tomorrow."

Terry was Sam's first customer the next morning. The jeweler looked up as Terry entered, and said, "Be with you in a moment."

While Terry waited, his eyes carefully took in every detail of the shop. There was no rear entrance; the only door, which now stood slightly ajar, led into a small washroom. Two windows set high in the back wall of the shop were heavily barred. Below the windows stood an immense old safe. Terry's lip curled a bit scornfully as he appraised it. It would be an hour's job, perhaps, with the tools in his suitcase at the hotel.

"My watch is losing time," explained Terry; "I wonder if you can adjust it?"

The watch was soon repaired, and Terry remarked casually, "I would like to look at some diamonds. Something very fine. I want one for an engagement stone."

The old jeweler carefully appraised Terry, and having satisfied himself that his customer was a man of considerable means, he brought from the safe a small tray of unset stones.

Terry knew diamonds, and this knowledge told him that these brilliant stones displayed on blue velvet were flawless.

Terry was tempted to hold up the old man, who was no match against him, but quickly overcame the impulse. He was no ordinary stick-up man; he preferred to attain his ends by clever and crafty means.

"These stones," Terry said quietly, "are so much alike that I can't quite make up my mind. I'll think it over and be back to see you in a day or two."

"I have others if you don't like these," said Old Sam, "but these are my best."

"Well," said Terry, "I'll be in again."

It was three days before Terry decided to visit Old Sam again. During that time, he had discovered the difficulties that stood in the way of making the gems his own.

The two barred windows were impossible of access. A bright light burned from dusk to dawn before the safe, making it clearly visible from the street. The nightly beat of the policeman carried him by the shop at regular intervals.

Terry had, however, conceived a plan which he was sure would overcome these obstacles, one which he regarded as a perfect masterpiece.

And so, at five minutes to ten on the third night, Terry's thin hand was on the latch of the old watchmaker's door.

It was a night of bitter cold, and few persons were out; none were near enough to see him enter the shop. Quietly Terry opened the latch of the spring lock as he closed the door.

Old Sam was coming out of the washroom as he entered. Terry placed his suitcase on the far end of the show case, and said, "I've come to decide on one of those diamonds that I looked at the other day. I'd like to see them again."

The old man shook his head. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to come back tomorrow. It's closing time and I—"

The words died under the thudding impact of Terry's gun. Old Sam, without a murmur, fell to the floor.

Terry grabbed his suitcase and ran into the washroom. Once, he had made an attempt at acting, and he had become something of a genius in the art of character makeup. When he came out of the washroom, Terry bore a startling likeness to Old Sam. He had removed his own clothing, and had managed to get into Old Sam's; grease paint transfigured his face.

Terry had realized from the beginning that to darken the shop while working on the safe would bring disaster. His idea was to set a pan of water to boil on the midget electric stove; meanwhile he meant to imitate the old watchmaker. During this time the steam from the boiling water would form a curtain of frost upon the window, behind which he might work unseen at the safe.

Terry limped to the door, made certain it was locked, and then went back to the bench. The old man was still unconscious.

Terry screwed the black jeweler's glass in his right eye, and hunched down to his grim masquerade. Any passerby glancing through the window would have said that Old Sam was busy as usual.

The water had long since begun to boil and steam, but to Terry it seemed as if the frost would never form on the window.

The hands of the clock above the bench moved steadily on; at last the frost on the window began to spread and thicken.

Terry decided to wait another twenty minutes on the bench before he attempted to open the safe. Ten minutes passed. He heard faintly the sound of footsteps outside. Although he felt secure from any observation now, he maintained his masquerade, his imitation of the old man at work. He could not be sure whether the footsteps had passed on or not.

The answer came with the sharp and startling sound of metal against the glass. Terry jumped, and the jeweler's glass fell from his eye. He looked toward the window. There stood the policeman.

Through an unfrosted spot on the window the officer's cold eyes were boring into Terry along the barrel of a service revolver.

The instinct of self-preservation drove Terry's hand for his revolver in his pocket. It came out, gleaming wickedly. But before he could fire a shot, the officer's gun roared thunderously.

A queer numbness took hold of Terry as he swayed and fell from the stool. Terry was dimly conscious of a gathering crowd, of a bustle of activity, and of sharp words of explanation. Above the din he heard the voice of the policeman:

"Many a winter's night I've walked this beat, but never did I see such a thick frost upon the window. So I looked in through a bit of an oily streak on the glass, where the frost had not gathered. Even then I might have been fooled, but for that white cloth hanging by a leg of the bench. I never knew Old Sam to start repairing a watch without first spreading that cloth over his knees to catch any part that might drop from his hands. He's too good and careful a workman ever to forget it."

Terry, sitting on the bench handcuffed, viewed with disdainful eyes the end of a perfect plan.

Toby Wax, June, '36.

Winged Terror

As I LAY in bed reading one warm night, a terrible chill came over my body, and I trembled with an unaccountable fear. At the same moment a winged creature swooped into one of the two open bedroom windows. Immediately it began circling the room, casting black, flapping shadows on the ceiling and walls.

I am not a coward, but on that night there seemed to be something eerie and unnatural in the air which upset my whole nervous system. Cautiously I arose. My leg moved in the semblance of a step toward the door opening into the hallway. That step was never completed, for I looked into two black, beady eyes which were bulging above a dark brown, aquiline beak shaped much like that of an eagle.

As I gazed helplessly, the black beads above the horrible beak expanded ominously, and the huge curved wings stretched themselves clear of the gaudily marked body and bared their brilliantly colored feather markings. Huge green things they were, marked with yellow on the underside. The torso and leg feathers were a bright, true orange, with blobs of brown here and there.

I now became painfully aware of the cold talons that gripped the flesh of my arm in a vise-like hold. Everything seemed to whirl as I tried to draw my eyes from the hypnotic stare that was overpowering me. Mustering all my will-power and strength, I screamed. Then I lost consciousness.

Consciousness returned to me amid a great clamor. An intense screaming and squawking rent the air of the small room. Human figures were darting here and there, swinging clubs and pieces of furniture at a rending, tearing, orange-colored beast, whose green wings beat ferociously in the intense heat of battle.

I jumped to my feet, out of the way of the grisly, blood-covered mass of feathers. A blue-uniformed figure dealt it a crashing blow upon the head, but the solid hickory club which he wielded bounced as though it had struck wood of a tougher ply. Summoning all his power, the bell boy struck again. The creature slumped to the green carpet, now smeared with red drops of blood.

The six hotel bell hops, who had been summoned by my screams to the rescue, now stood panting heavily while they gazed with incredulous eyes at the inert form spread out before them.

From the shadow of the doorway a tall, lean, white-haired man with a genial face stepped forward. "I was awakened by the fuss," he explained, "and came to see what it's all about. Why—what's that on the floor?"

"I wouldn't touch it if I were you, Dr. Colgan! It's not dead yet!" warned a bell boy.

"I never thought it possible," breathed the newcomer almost inaudibly. "It must be a species of the lost order of the Ornithorhynchus. Yet, to be living in this day and age! For millions of years this order has been out of existence."

"Do you mean to say," I demanded, "that the race to which this animal belongs has been extinct for millions of years?"

The tall Dr. Colgan replied, "I'll stake my professional reputation on that fact. There were, however, rumors of them during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in Asia."

The facts set before us were astonishing beyond belief. The conversation stopped as the hotel manager's overfed carcass waddled into the room. He wrinkled his bald scalp and forehead.

"From vat iss all der troubles going on in here?" he asked in his thick accent. "Iss something wrong?"

A bell boy volunteered, "Look on the floor, Mr. Schnittselbrauer."

"Ach! Vot iss! Ein boid? Chentlemens, chentlemens, pu-lease, don't let dis get around der hotel. It would ruin der reputation mit der guests."

"Mr. Schnittselbrauer, I can assure you that no one will hear of this through me. I should like to ask you a favor, though, in return for keeping my mouth closed on the matter."

"Yah, vat iss?"

"I want to take this mess outside to my car."

Two bell boys, Dr. Colgan, and I rolled the ornithoid's half-dead body into a heavy blanket. The two boys, staggering under the dead weight of the blanketed bundle, followed us down the hallway to the freight elevator.

Twenty minutes later Dr. Colgan and I were speeding down Highway 66 to his summer cottage in the country. Our bound captive in the back seat was emitting woeful chirps and clucks of pain.

Dr. Colgan had been a close friend of my family long before I was born twenty-five years ago. His snowy hair was brushed back in sweeping waves from his broad forehead, which was furrowed with age. Despite his seventy years, his frame still stood straight, and his shoulders were thrown back.

I doubt whether there is a man living as well versed in biology and mythology. His salary as head of the biology department at a local university netted him an income sufficient for the keeping up of the modest cottage where he spent his summer vacations. His main expense lay in maintaining his elaborately built-in laboratory in the basement of his home.

Filling my lungs with the crisp night air, free from the city smoke and soot, I helped the professor carry our burden over the thick grasses of a terraced lawn. A rap at an oak-panelled door brought Clyde, a typical Englishman, who acted in the capacity of butler, cook, and janitor at the summer cottage.

"My word, sir!" he ejaculated. "What have you there?"

"Give us a hand, Clyde. We have to get it downstairs to the laboratory right away. It's badly hurt," ordered Dr. Colgan.

We heaved the animal to our shoulders and proceeded down the wooden staircase which led to the basement. We shuffled through a dimly lighted furnace-room. Clyde stopped before an iron door, reached his arm toward a light switch and snapped it. His left hand turned the knob of the heavy door, and we entered a brightly lighted room. It was a laboratory—as modern and fully equipped as any I had ever seen. "We'll have to fix a cage of some sort," said Dr. Colgan.

"I'll get some lumber and tools and fix it right away, sir," said the perplexed Clyde. "If I dare say so, sir, a most queer animal you have there."

Amid the sound of hammering and sawing, Dr. Colgan dressed the ornithoid's wounds.

"Larry," he addressed me, "the first thing tomorrow morning I am going to wire several scientists from around the world to come and help me study and classify this animal more accurately.

"Clyde, when you're finished with the cage, run out into the garage and bring those bales of hay inside for a bed. We'll make a zoo out of this place yet."

I watched Clyde work. "You'd make a good carpenter, Clyde. The manner in which you've stacked those crates and fitted them with cross-bars is ingenious; but don't forget that the cage wall must reach to the ceiling, for th's thing can fly."

The cage having been completed, the ornithoid was carefully placed inside. Its still unconscious form rolled limply from our arms to the soft bed of hay. The doctor opened a small, barred cellar window in order that the fresh air might insure him a healthy specimen with which to experiment on the following day.

After a refreshing sleep, I accompanied Dr. Colgan down the basement stairs. "I wonder how our friend, the ornithoid, is feeling this fine morning?" smiled Dr. Colgan as he opened the iron door leading into his laboratory.

"If she had dreams as horrible as I had last night, she won't even be feeling," I remarked dryly.

"Ah, I see we have another feathered visitor besides the ornithoid this morning," observed the doctor.

I glanced at a robin chirping joyfully away on the sill of the open window, singing its early morning song.

In the clear morning light and with the animal behind bars, I could observe her more accurately and give a saner account of her. I perceived that the creature had no arms, but in their place were wings which swooped in a graceful line from her shoulders to the floor. Her feet were three-toed, and her taloned claw measured fourteen inches. Erect, the beast stood five and a half feet from the ground. The wings were four feet from shoulder to tip, with a spread of ten feet. Her eight-inch beak curved parrot-like from her egg-shaped head.

The ornithoid by this time had felt our presence, but greeted us with only a quick glance. She turned her head to the robin at the window and, widening her eyes with hypnotic effect, stared at the chirping bird, all the while emitting chirping noises from her pulsating throat.

The robin immediately became quiet and rigid, shaking with palsy. For forty or fifty seconds the two animals stared at each other, the ornithoid continuing to chirp noisily. It seemed as though the beast and bird were in communication. At last the ornithoid ceased her highly pitched notes, and the robin took flight.

While we were eating lunch on the veranda of the cottage a few days later, I perceived with my younger eyes what appeared to be a huge dark cloud hovering over the summits of the Ozark Mountains on the distant horizon. I called my host's attention to this, whereupon he summoned Clyde to bring a pair of field glasses.

"Although it is clear to see that it is not a rain cloud," said the doctor, "I doubt that it could be one of dust."

"Let us take a look, Doctor," I volunteered.

"Make out anything, Larry?"

"Yes, I believe I do! It seems to be getting larger gradually. Why—say, I believe it's coming in this direction!"

I changed the focus on the glasses. "It appears to be almost a half-mile across. Why, I see now! It's not a cloud at all; it's a huge flock of birds. The sky is thick with them!"

I lowered the glasses; the flock could be made out with the naked eye now, flying straight for our little cottage.

The doctor stood up and adjusted his horn-rimmed spectacles on the ridge of his thin nose. "A most unusual phenomenon for this time of the year," he observed. "Why droves of birds should be flying east now I cannot imagine."

"Doctor!" exclaimed Clyde, who up to this time had remained silent in open-mouth amazement. "More of them are coming! Look, from everywhere!"

It was true; flocks were coming from all directions, all headed for one point. "We'd better get into the screened porch," suggested Dr. Colgan; "I sense trouble."

The scarcely audible purring now changed to a low droning as we closed the screen door of the side porch. Simultaneously with the first droning of the thousands of beating wings, there came from the basement below our feet the highest toned shrieks I have ever heard from any living thing. The piercing intensity of them forced the three of us to hold our ears, but it was little help in deadening the ear-splitting vibrations.

"The sky is thick with birds," gasped the doctor, "birds of all kinds. I've never seen such a variety together in such great numbers."

He mopped his forehead. The air was blowing in stuffy draughts from the relentless beating of the wings; the lawn was black with a surging, pulsating coverlet. The racket made by those birds was astonishing.

"Good Lord!" shouted the usually unprofane doctor, "they are breaking into the house."

My eyes followed his amazed stare. Dipping into the low basement window, which had been left open for ventilation, was an unorderly line of birds fighting with flapping wings for entrance through the small aperture.

"The specimen!—it's unprotected!" screamed Dr. Colgan.

"I'll see what I can do," I called back over my shoulder as I rushed through the hall that led to the basement staircase.

Pausing in my breathless dash before the iron laboratory door, I summoned all my courage and pulled the heavy portal open.

There were already over two hundred little winged denizens beating about the rambling cage. My mouth opened with wonder as I saw some fifty or more woodpeckers hammering away at the wooden bars. The ornithoid seemed to be issuing an unending stream of orders, the clucking noises from her throat never ceasing.

To try to drive the flock from the cage would be suicide. One of the wooden cross-bars cracked under the woodpeckers' assault. The ornithoid hurled her body against the weakened bar. I ran through the basement and up the stairs, not waiting to see whether the ornithoid had escaped.

Halfway up the stairs, the hair on the nape of my neck bristled stiffly with fear, for the realization that I had left the laboratory door ajar gripped my heart. But it was no time to turn back now; I could already hear flapping noises approaching. Wings brushed against my hand. I dashed through the doorway at the head of the stairs and slammed the door.

Thinking I was safe, I walked to the door which led to the screened porch. I heard flapping behind me and whirled around. Hundreds of birds were headed toward me, led by the ornithoid, who was waddling in duck-like fashion across the room. I had slammed the door so forcibly that the latch had failed to catch!

The doctor and Clyde looked at me in wonder and must have thought that I had lost my mind when I burst onto the porch and closed the door securely behind me.

"She's loose, and escaping!" I heard myself shout.

"Loose, did you say, Larry?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, and there she goes through the window."

The ornithoid hopped through an open window and, with a beating of wings that sounded over all the rest, headed for the range of mountains on the western horizon.

In a quarter of an hour everything was once more in its natural order, and the only evidence of the uncanny visit was the scattered feathers on the roof and lawn.

In the distance a small speck disappeared around a mountain crest.

Dr. Colgan notified the state police in an effort to bring about the capture of the ornithoid. The police, however, let it be known definitely that, as long as the beast had not proved itself to be a public or private menace, they could not waste the time or money in its search.

None of the scientists who arrived at Dr. Colgan's home doubted the veracity of the account, but the press treated the story as a joke, and claimed that it was a hoax.

Dr. Colgan, addressing several of the visiting biologists, referred incidentally to the skepticism of the press: "It makes no difference to us that the story is generally disbelieved, but it is imperative that we find the ornithoid. (Ornithoid, gentlemen, is the shortened name we have been calling the animal, its scientific appellation being so long as to be unsuitable for common usage.) It is the most important biological and scientific discovery of the age. I believe it is in hiding somewhere in the Ozarks. Without the aid of the state troopers, however, a search would be useless. Have you any suggestions, gentlemen?"

A short, black-haired professor by the name of Guilliano knit his dark brows. In a low voice, he said, "The ornithoid is a human flesh-eater. The state police will not be for long with a reason for their idleness."

This prediction was verified in the evening papers, whose headlines ran: "STATE MILITIA ORGANIZES HUNT; STRANGE WINGED BEAST SNATCHES BABY FROM MOTHER'S ARMS ON OZARK FARM."

The first of a long string of atrocities had occurred. For six following weeks children were disappearing from farms. Witnesses had seen in most cases what appeared to them to be a huge bird that swooped upon its victims, fastened its claws in the victim's hair or clothing, and then disappeared with him into the sky.

All of modern science's instruments were ineffective in locating the beast's stronghold. The awful animal seemed to have a commanding power over the lesser birds of the sky; this had been demonstrated by the air attack on Dr. Colgan's laboratory and the freeing of the ornithoid.

The Missouri Ozark countryside was filled with terror. Children were not allowed out of their parents' sight, and at night almost every window in Missouri was locked and every shutter barred.

"Larry," remarked Dr. Colgan one sunny June afternoon while we were sitting on the cottage veranda, "pull on your hiking boots and knickers tomorrow morning, and at the crack of dawn we'll be off on a hiking trip."

"With the ornithoid at large?" I exclaimed, almost falling through my chair.

"We shall carry guns, Larry, although I doubt that she would attack fully grown men. So far she has only picked on small children. Besides, you wouldn't admit that you're afraid of the thing, would you?"

I felt my face coloring. "Well, not exactly. But I'll never forget my first experience with the fantastic creature."

On the next morning at the crack of dawn, as Dr. Colgan had ordered, we started on a three-day hiking trip, our packs on our shoulders and sunglasses over our eyes. For two days nothing occurred which might have had bearing on the ornithoid. Our circuitous route through the mountains was torture on old legs, and Dr. Colgan was resting beneath his pup tent while I fruitlessly searched for suitable firewood.

As this second day of our outing was drawing to a close, I said to my old friend, "Just rest here awhile, Doc. I'm going down into the valley to look for wood; there doesn't seem to be any around here anywhere."

"Better take the ax, Larry. Here, catch it. There may be some pieces too big to carry."

Ditches and protruding roots made my descent of the rocky ravine perilous, but at last I found myself walking on the comparatively level ground at the bottom of the valley.

I thought that there should have been logs washed down by the recent rains, but such was not the case. I was walking on the petrified bed of a long-dead river, not uncommon in Missouri.

Fifty paces ahead the walls of the ravine came together almost within three feet of each other. On reaching the narrow pass I discerned that it widened after it had continued for a hundred yards. I felt my way warily through the narrow pass lest I trip, for the proximity of the walls had shut out the waning light of the western sky, leaving the pass darkly shadowed.

My ever-searching eye fastened upon a dark recess in the wall to the left. As I edged closer, something seemed to move slightly in the near-darkness of the niche. I stood tense and motionless while my eyes became accustomed to the darkness.

Yes, without a doubt, something was coiled in that shadowy recess—something that breathed! If it could see in the dark, then I was at a disadvantage. A match glowed in my hand as I thrust my arm forward. There in a deep sleep was the ornithoid. At last its lair was found.

I crept back to camp as quietly as possible in order not to awaken our sleeping foe. After I had related the story of my discovery to Dr. Colgan, we decided to return home to the cottage immediately. Our weary muscles once more took up the journey, and four hours later, at eleven o'clock, we entered the cottage. Dr. Colgan at once ordered Clyde to call up the sheriff.

A roar of motors was heard outside ten minutes after Clyde had hung up the receiver. "It's the State Troopers, sir," called Clyde.

I ran out to meet them. Thirty motorcycles swarmed over the road, and the militia dismounted.

"We will ride to the mountains, dismount there, and walk the rest of the distance. Put the mufflers on your motors. We don't want to frighten her away!" shouted the chief to his men after I had explained the situation to him.

I rode in the chief's side car, our motorcycle leading the rest. Five minutes later we climbed the first hill on our midnight hunt. Here the huge nets brought along by the troopers were unfolded, inspected, and refolded.

"If the ornithoid is still sleeping, then we have her trapped," I whispered.

"Yeah," said the chief, "but don't any of you guys make any noise. We want it to keep asleep. Shelton, you take your division to the north opening of that narrow pass over there. The rest of us will go to the south opening. Okay now, let's get goin'!"

The party split in two. Fifteen huddled figures moved over the summit of the hill, walking north in the bright moonlight. The rest of us started the tortuous descent from where we stood.

At last we stood before the narrow aperture. The chief whispered out of the corner of his mouth, pointing to the valley on the other side, "They're not down yet; but if the animal is in there, we'll get it."

The troopers spread the nets, and I saw that escape for the ornithoid was impossible. She could never fly straight up. Escape that way would be out of the question, for the distance between the perpendicular walls would not permit spread wings.

"There they are," breathed the chief, pointing to several shadowy figures at the opposite entrance. "Okay, men, let's go with those nets."

We advanced warily, searching the left wall for the niche. The other party was advancing toward us with spread nets. Both of our parties had gone perhaps fifteen paces when something hurled itself against our net and rent the meshes with a ripping tear.

Flashlights were immediately switched on. The light in the narrow space revealed a shrieking ornithoid bent on destruction and escape. No one dared fire, for a bullet might find its way down the valley to a man in the other party.

The beast fought its way into the open valley; but there she met her doom. Fifteen Colt automatics sounded simultaneously, and the ornithoid, who had risen a few feet from the ground in attempted flight, crashed to earth.

The wild cry of a night hawk sounded, its echo reverberating the length of the valley. The ornithoid lifted her head from the ground in a feeble attempt of protest. A whistling noise came from her throat. In the bright glare of the electric torches, a thin film was forming on her eyes; death was near.

The night hawk repeated his call, swooping down into the midst of the circles of men gathered about the ornithoid. It lit upon the ornithoid's downy shoulder, whereupon it was subjected to the same hypnotic power that had held the robin and myself. The ornithoid's eyes glowed for an instant, and its throat pulsated in a message. Then her bill opened as the last breath of life was expelled with a rasping gasp. Thereupon the night hawk departed, and its screams gradually died out in the distance.

As to the import of the ornithoid's message to the night hawk, I can only guess and theorize. But at times my dreams are filled with horror, and I envisage hordes of ornithoids attacking human beings and destroying civilization.

Philip Gram, January, '37.

The Crusader

LYNTONVILLE is a typical small New England town, where everybody knows everybody else, and where there are the usual clans, the usual town gossips, and the usual town "biggies." We are chiefly interested in one of the latter, James Winthrop Ward. James Winthrop Ward, commonly known as Jim Ward, was the editor of Lyntonville's only newspaper, the *Lyntonville Bugle*. The *Bugle* was, on one theme or other, always conducting some campaign against evil. Now it was conducting a movement against careless driving. To strengthen this campaign, Jim had organized "The League Against Reckless Driving."

Every day since the movement had started, Jim had written editorials pointing out the evils of careless driving and, as president of the "League," he had made many speeches. His criticisms were especially directed against that reckless motorist, Bob Harper, the black sheep of a fine family. In fact, in both speeches and editorials, he piously adhered to two points: the iniquity of Bob Harper, and the righteousness of Jim Ward and his family. The second point was brought up quite frequently—too frequently, according to most of Lyntonville's citizens.

One day Jim was sitting in the swing on the veranda, meditating with pride and satisfaction upon his position in life. His thoughts were rudely disturbed by the approach of his son, whose face was white and drawn. Hesitatingly the boy approached his father.

"Dad—"

"Yes, Don, what's the matter? Has anything happened?"

"Well, Dad," Don swallowed hard, "well—"

"Yes, what is it? Tell me."

"Gosh, Dad, I just had an accident," he burst out. "I was looking at something else, and I ran into a pole. The car was badly smashed, but I'm not hurt."

"You had an accident! You, the son of James Winthrop Ward, the careful driver, had an accident! Just what attracted your attention from your driving?"

"Well—"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, it was a girl—an awfully pretty girl, Dad."

"Oh, a girl, an awfully pretty girl! Haven't I told you a hundred times to keep your mind on the wheel when you're driving. Do you realize that this will make me a laughing stock in Lyntonville. Jim Ward, the careful driver; Jim Ward, head of the 'careful driving family'; Jim Ward, President of 'The League Against Careless Driving.' Do you know what they'll say? They'll say, 'Who is Jim Ward,

to launch a campaign against reckless driving when he can't teach his son to drive carefully?" Are you trying to become another Bob Harper?"

"I'm sorry, Dad. It will never happen again."

"If it ever does happen again, I'll—I'll—disown you!"

Left alone, Jim went down the walk and started to walk down the street. His thoughts were an angry jumble. People passed him, but he didn't see them clearly. He thought he saw his daughter, Norma, with Bob Harper, but, of course, that was silly. Norma wouldn't be seen with Bob Harper. His mind began to clear now. "Well," he thought, "I can't help matters by walking through the town. I'll go back now."

The next day at the office, a number of people came in to inquire about Don. Then Mrs. Thaddius, the town gossip, came in.

"Hello, Jim; I see Norma is keeping herself busy these days."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, with Bob Harper, of course."

"Don't be foolish. Norma wouldn't be seen with him."

"Maybe Bob has a twin brother, who has never been brought to light. For the last week I've seen Norma with Bob, constantly. Of course, you realize that I'm telling you this for Norma's good. I hope you can do something about it."

"I don't believe it. Norma knows what I think of Harper."

Mrs. Thaddius went to the door, but her last remark was, "Believe what you want, but I'd look into the matter if I were you."

All day Jim thought about it. First he thought, "Norma wouldn't do it." Then he reflected, "I thought I saw her. I'll speak to Norma when I get home."

At the dinner table, that evening, Jim brought up the subject. "Norma," he said, "is it true that you've been going with Bob Harper for a week or so? Mrs. Thaddius told me that this morning, but I told her that it wasn't true. Was I right?"

"Dad, I'm sorry, but it's true. I know how you feel about Bob, and I've tried not to see him."

"I don't understand you, Norma. There are so many other boys in Lyntonville, and you had to pick Bob Harper."

"Bob is a nice boy," flared Norma. "You've worked yourself up so over your reckless driving movement that you can't see any reason in anything concerning Bob Harper. I like Bob, and I don't care what you say; I'll continue to see him."

Norma's defiance angered her father, and as she left the table, Jim stalked out of the house. What was his family coming to. First, Don was involved in an accident, on account of a pretty girl. Now, Norma is seen with that scamp, Harper; the daughter of the president of "The League Against Reckless Driving" is seen with the most reckless driver in Lyntonville. This makes me the laughing stock of the town.

Jim pulled out his keys and stepped into the car. He was burning with rage. How could his children disgrace him so? He drove on and on, aimlessly. He could picture Mrs. Thaddius tomorrow:

"I told you so, Jim Ward; that daughter of yours will come to no good going around with Bob Harper. If I were you—"

Crash!

Jim crawled out of the wreckage. He was lucky; he had nothing but a few scratches. How had it happened? It suddenly dawned on him that he, like Don, had had his mind elsewhere during his driving. Try as he might, he could admit no reason for the accident except carelessness. Here was a fine situation. How could he explain this to Lyntonville?

Jim Ward never could explain. Some day you may go to Lyntonville. If you do, you will find the small town with a few changes. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Harper (anyone will tell you that Mrs. Harper is the former Norma Ward) live next door to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ward. Jim Ward is still editor of the *Lyntonville Bugle* and the *Bugle* still carries on campaigns against some form of evil. But try to persuade Jim to speak about the evils of reckless driving!

Bernice Derlachter, Term 7.

Old Joe

OLD Joe Hughes took the bottle of liquor from the table and concealed it under a loose board in the floor. Then he sat down for a bit of solitaire.

Ever since the war had left him with a limp, old Joe had worked as caretaker at the summer cabin of the prominent New York doctor, James Meredith. Year after year Joe lived in his little one-room shack, getting paid for doing nothing but chasing away tramps.

During the war Joe had met Dr. Meredith, who was Captain Meredith at that time, and they had gone to the front together. After the war Dr. Meredith, who felt sorry for the old man, had invented a job for him at his summer cabin on Lake Erie.

As old Joe sat meditating over a game of solitaire, pitying himself because he was such a lonely fellow, he heard his dog, Yelp, barking. He looked out on the lake and saw a small boat coming in. At first he could not discern just who was in the boat, but finally, when the boat landed, a small boy of about twelve jumped out.

Now Joe, in spite of his loneliness, resented intruders. As for Yelp, he was ready to tear to pieces anyone who trespassed on the property of his master. But strangely enough, on this occasion Yelp welcomed the stranger, and the boy kindly patted the dog and hugged him closely.

"Say, be careful of that dog, or he'll tear you to pieces in one mouthful," called Joe gruffly.

"Oh, I don't think that he'll hurt me; he and I seem to be friends already," answered the boy.

"Well, come along then, and I'll see what I can do for you at the shack. If you are Yelp's friend, I guess you'll have to be mine," said old Joe. "What's your name, little fellow, and what are you doing out here? And say, I bet that you are pretty hungry. There's my shack; it isn't much to look at, but it serves my purpose all right."

"My name's Jimmy Weeks, and I ran away, and I sure am hungry, because I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday evening," answered the boy in one breath.

"Well, here we are; come in and make yourself at home, Jimmy."

"Thank you, sir, I will."

By this time old Joe's wits were somewhat confused, and he stumbled over a chair.

"Looks as though you had a little too much, Mr.—say, I don't know your name yet," said Jimmy.

"Oh, I'm Joe Hughes, and I am caretaker here. And I didn't have too much to drink, because I can take a lot more; fact is, I didn't have enough. I ran out, and it's too far to town to get any more," lied Joe. But for the first time in his life, he was ashamed of himself. "Things are in the pantry there," he mumbled. "Take 'em out and fix up a dinner for yourself." With that he laid his head on his arm and fell soundly asleep.

Jimmy smiled at him, and started to prepare a meal for both of them. He made coffee, strong and aromatic. He had bacon and eggs, and beans, and he found some cake in a box. He started to awaken Joe, but decided to let him sleep. Jimmy ate his meal, and then looked around the room. On the shelf he saw an old violin. His heart missed a beat as he took it tenderly from its place. Quietly he played a few runs on it, tuned it, and then played a beautiful Irish melody. Yelp, instead of howling as usual, sat down and wagged his tail. Old Joe stirred, and Jimmy reluctantly put away the violin.

Jimmy poured a cup of strong coffee, and put it before Joe. Presently the old man awoke and rubbed his eyes. "I thought I heard music," he mumbled. "Must have dreamed it." Then observing the coffee, he swallowed it in one gulp.

For several minutes he remained silent, but as his mind cleared, he spoke to the boy. "Thanks, Jimmy, you are sure a swell one to have around. Now, you just tell me all about yourself, from start to finish, and I'll see what I can do to get you back to your folks. I guess they are plenty worried about you by this time."

"You see, Mr. Hughes—" started Jimmy.

"Now, don't you go and get in the habit of calling me Mister. My name's Joe, and I want you to call me Joe," interrupted old Joe, trying to be stern.

"All right, Joe, it's this way: I haven't any mother or father, and I live in the Orphans' Home. They don't like me there. They don't think I'm as good as the other orphans, because my mother and father were musicians in a circus. The circus was traveling one night, and it had an accident, and both my mother and father were killed. I was only eight then, and I traveled with them every summer before the accident. Since then I've been with the Orphans' Home. Whenever they would punish me, they would take my things away, the things that I loved most, the ones that Mother and Daddy left me. Two days ago I took a few of my things, and I ran away on a freight train. Yesterday I hopped off the train in a town by the lake. A little boy traded me his boat for all my things, and I began rowing. I got tired, and thought I would never reach land. I sure was glad to get here, and you are swell to take me in and help me. But please, Joe, please, don't send me back; I don't want to go back." With that Jimmy started to cry.

"Now, now, don't cry there; you're a big boy. Brace up. I won't send you back; you'll stay here with me. Why, I wouldn't let them take you back now for

the world. Why, you're old Joe Hughes' boy. I'll let you stay here and help take care of Captain's cabin. How would you like to do that, huh?"

"Really, do you mean it? Honest, do ya?" asked Jimmy, his face beaming in spite of the tears.

"Why, sure, I mean it. Come now, I'll show you around the place. It's getting late, and soon it will be dark."

So the two started out, followed by Yelp, who would never get out of his master's sight, and who was becoming quite attached to his new master. They went over the place, and laughed and talked together as if they were old friends seeing each other after a long separation. When they came back, it was dark. Old Joe longed for a drink, but he had told Jimmy he had no more, and he was determined not to go back on his word. It was strange; no one else had had so much influence over him. Why, he would do anything to make a good impression on the boy. Jimmy had even told him what would have to be done to the cabin, the small shack, and the grounds, to improve them before the Captain came back for the summer. He would do the work, too. What would Captain Meredith say when he came back for the summer? He wouldn't know what to think.

While old Joe was meditating, Jimmy looked around the shack, and again his eye was caught by the old violin. He looked at it lovingly and said, "Joe, where did you get the old violin?"

"It's a long story, Jimmy. My old grandfather had that fiddle, and he passed it on to my father, who gave it to me. It has traveled a lot and has had a lot of hard wear and tear. It is the thing that I love most of all my possessions. It is the only thing that you can't have of all my things."

Jimmy's face fell, and he looked sad. "Just let me hold it once, and I'll never ask to see it again; please, Joe."

"All right, kid; but be very careful."

Jimmy held the violin as if it were made of glass. "Now let me hold the bow a minute, will you, Joe?"

"Here. Now, don't drop it."

Jimmy took them both in his hands. His fingers, long and graceful, began to work over the strings. Then he began to play. He played the beautiful "Liebestraum" by Franz Liszt. His face was that of an angel; his eyes sparkled; his body, tall and slender, bent and swayed slightly with the music. His fingers touched the strings with the magic of a genius.

Tears came to the eyes of the old man, and he looked at the boy with wonder and admiration. When the song was over, he asked for more. Jimmy played a light and happy Irish jig. Old Joe got up and danced until his old bones would no longer support him. An hour passed and Jimmy played on, each song expressing a different mood.

When Jimmy finished, old Joe couldn't say a word; he just looked at the boy with awe, as if he were still in a dream. Then he walked over to him and said, "Jimmy-boy, promise me one thing."

"What Joe?"

"That you'll play for me like that each night."

"Of course I will, Joe, as much as you want, because I love it. My father taught me to play, and I used to play in the circus sometimes. But Dad didn't want me to live in the circus, and he made me promise never to work in one. Before he died, he gave me his violin, but the kids at the Orphans' Home broke it. Since then I've wanted one very badly."

"Well, you shall have this one any time you want it. Now it's time for us both to go to bed. Good night, boy."

"Good night, Joe, and thanks; you'll never know just how happy you've made me."

Weeks passed; Joe and Jimmy worked hard fixing up the cabin and grounds, and in the evenings they would have their music. They were a happy and changed pair. Joe no longer drank; he worked and tried to do everything to please Jimmy. Jimmy was a happy boy, feeling as if he were in a new world. He also worked hard and tried to be worthy of old Joe.

One day Dr. James Meredith motored to his summer cabin for the week-end. He was surprised to see the change in his place, and also in his old caretaker.

"Say, what's happened here, Joe? Did some of your Irish fairies or pixies come here and fix up the place while you were asleep?"

"Well, no, Captain; you see I've got a boy here—"

"So you hired a helper, did you? I thought I was the one to hire any help, and I don't think you need anyone to help." Dr. Meredith tried to be hard with the old man; but he knew that he couldn't, and he laughed and patted him on the back. "Well, that's all right, Joe; if you need a helper, you should have written me about it."

"I didn't need a helper, 'cause I didn't do much around here. This boy came here one day and startled me out of my wits. He's a genius, Captain Meredith. Wait until you hear him." And old Joe, with pride and joy, as if the boy were his own, told the doctor his story. He finished by saying, "I've grown to love Jimmy as if he were my own, and I've only had him here a few weeks. He has put new life into me. He is as fresh and full of life as a new-born babe. Come over to my shack, Captain, and see him."

"Yes, I see the change in you; you haven't been drinking lately either, have you?"

"No, I haven't; why, that would be a bad influence on my boy."

"You bet it would, Joe; just keep up the good work."

"Yep, I've stopped all right. But here we are. Come on in, Captain."

They walked into the shack, which was neat and clean, and filled with the aroma of cooking food. Jimmy was cooking the noon meal, and when he saw the two, he stopped and walked over to them.

"Captain, this is my Jimmy. Jimmy-boy, here is the Captain; he is here for the week-end."

"How do you do, Dr. Meredith. Joe has told me so much about you that I couldn't wait until I got to see you."

"Well, now, that's nice of you, Jimmy, and I have been hearing about you, too. I'm glad to have you here to take care of my old friend; he needs you, although he won't admit it."

"Mmmm, smells good, Jimmy," said Joe; "let's have something to eat. How about it, Captain?"

"Agreed," answered the Captain.

That day was a busy one. They went over the grounds, and the Captain settled down for the week-end. In the evening they went to the shore of the lake, and Jimmy played for them. The Captain was astonished and quite pleased with the boy. He knew something about music, and knew that Jimmy had talent. After Jimmy had gone to bed, the two men talked about it.

"Why can't he go to New York and try out for the radio? I believe in him, and I know he can make good. You are prominent in the city, and have influence.

I've never asked you for anything which meant so much to me as this, Captain, and I want this more than anything in the world."

"I believe you're right, Joe, and I promise you that I shall do all I can to get him the chance that he deserves. Yes, I'll do it."

With tears in his eyes, old Joe tried to express his gratitude, "Captain, you are the greatest man I have ever known; I owe my life's happiness to you."

Two weeks passed. Old Joe Hughes and Yelp were again alone, except for a radio which had been moved from Dr. Meredith's cabin to the shack. Joe was sad and lonely, and was brooding.

"I'm an old fool; yes, sir, Yelp, I am a soft old fool. I let a fine young kid pull the wool over my eyes; I give him my prize possession, my violin; I get him a chance to do big things; I send him away. Why, I could have had him here to myself; he brought me the happiness that all my life I have missed. But no, I send him away. After tonight, his big night on the amateur program, he will be famous. And what happens to me? I will be here alone, forgotten. Yes, forgotten."

He walked slowly over to the loose board in the floor and took out a bottle of whiskey. He placed the bottle on the table, and then sat down with his head in his arms.

As he sat there brooding, he hardly heard the radio; but somehow he could distinguish the words of the announcer: "Hello, folks; this is the Hubble Bubble Amateur Hour on the air. The first number on the program will be a violin solo by twelve-year-old Jimmy Weeks. Come up to the mike, Jimmy. What are you going to play?"

"I am going to play 'Liebestraum' by Franz Liszt," said a young voice with a tremble.

As Jimmy played, the orchestra accompanied softly. He played to heaven for his Mother and Daddy; he played to New York for Dr. Meredith; and he played to an old shack on Lake Erie for his friend, whom he loved and admired with all his heart. His playing touched the hearts of all who heard, and all who heard knew he was a genius.

Old Joe trembled with emotion. After Jimmy had stopped playing, he heard the applause, which overwhelmed all other sounds. Minutes passed while he sat in a daze. Then again he heard the voice of the announcer:

"Folks, strange things do happen which turn the lives of obscure beings into famous individuals. You remember little Jimmy Weeks, the young violin virtuoso

who played a few minutes ago? I know you do. Well, he has just received an offer to play on a sixteen-week tour of all the major theatres in the East. Jimmy, have you anything to say?"

Old Joe heard his Jimmy talking. What was that he was saying?

". . . but most of all I want to thank old Joe Hughes, my best friend, whom I love with all my heart. Joe, are you listening? I'll see you in a few days, as soon as I can get to you and the old shack."

Old Joe sat up. Were his ears deceiving him? Was he really loved and missed? Yes, it was true, and he would see his Jimmy-boy in a few days. Life meant something to him now. Happily he lay down, and went soundly to sleep.

Faye Bortnick, June, '36.

The Bookworm

NOT MUCH was known about "Specs" Doyle, the bookworm of Hudson High School, but he was popular, especially with those whom he had tutored and successfully guided through difficult courses.

One morning, as the bookworm paused to read the athletic bulletin board in the main corridor of Hudson High, he was suddenly startled by the firm clasp of a hand on his shoulder and a sudden push which left him seated on the corridor floor, with his glasses tilted at a dangerous angle and a stupefied look on his face, which questioned the purpose of this attack.

Pulling his gawky frame up to its full six feet and adjusting his glasses, he discovered that his assailant was handsome Paul Armstrong, captain and star of the Hudson High track team, and one of the few who resented his scholastic ability and his popularity with the students.

"Listen, bookworm," sneered the handsome star, in a hard, brittle voice, "don't get any funny ideas about running on my track team; your books won't help. Why, I could beat you standing still."

As a result of these scornful words, a sudden feeling of resentment stirred within him. Recalling the humiliation that he had endured because of the jealousy of Armstrong, who had dubbed him "The Gawky Goon of Hudson High," the bookworm turned upon his rival: "Armstrong, you will regret that."

"So what?" was the star's only reply, and with these words he turned his back, in a gesture of contempt, on his threatened avenger.

On the next day, while Coach Barnes of Hudson was moodily watching his track aspirants going through their paces, a lanky creature in a heavy jersey, slacks, and gymnasium shoes sidled up to him and in a hushed voice queried, "Mr. Barnes, would you mind if I tried for a place on the team?"

At first, without even stopping to look at the new candidate, Barnes answered, "Yeah; be glad to have you." But after once glimpsing the gawky frame of the renowned bookworm, he answered, "Well, well, if it isn't Doyle! Now, what can I do for you?"

"Coach," replied the bookworm, "I'm going to try out for the team."

"Do you think you've got the ability?"

"I've got a fighting heart and determination."

"What event are you out for?"

"Which one is Armstrong in?"

"The mile. Why?"

"Then it's the mile for me," grimly answered "Specs."

As the days ran on, so ran "Specs." At first his ambition was met with good-natured bantering by all his friends, who felt sure that he would soon give up and return to his studies; but after a few weeks "Specs," with his loose-jointed legs and dangling arms, soon became a part of the daily scenery. His intention of trying out for the mile was scorned by Captain Paul Armstrong, who boasted: "If 'Specs' is lucky enough to enter the Intra-State Meet, I will leave him so far behind that a searching party can't find him."

Gradually "Specs" rounded into the condition of a finished miler, and began to show natural ability for running: he learned to land on the ball of his foot without lost motion; he learned how to save himself for the finish; and he used his long legs to great advantage in developing a ground-eating stride.

As the time for the Intra-State Meet approached, he was clocked more frequently by Coach Barnes, but the only encouraging words he received were: "Keep plugging, Doyle." It was not until the eve before the meet, when the entries in the mile were posted as Armstrong and Doyle, that "Specs" learned of his chance to humiliate Armstrong.

On the next day, twenty thousand people shouted themselves hoarse in the stands at the colorful Intra-State Meet. When the mile run, the last and crucial event, was announced, Hudson High and Fairfield were tied. "Specs" Doyle came on to the track to take his warm-up laps. He was calm, strangely calm, as he prepared for the start. He realized that the milers around him were the best in the state, but his mind was not on them; it was concerned with Paul Armstrong, who was receiving encouragement and advice from his many friends in the crowd.

The gun cracked and set them off, with Paul Armstrong taking the lead. Almost mechanically "Specs" Doyle dropped into third place, already disrupting his well-laid plans. As Armstrong, setting a whirlwind pace, lengthened the lead to fifteen yards, "Specs" began to berate himself: "Doyle, you're a real dummy; you've been kidding yourself. Armstrong has your number; he said he would beat you, and he will." This mental interlude cost him five more yards and put him two places nearer the rear.

At this moment he became strangely conscious of the fact that for two months he had been thinking only of himself, only of beating Armstrong, never of the school

to which he owed his loyalty. It was then he realized that he must win, not to satisfy his grudge against Armstrong, but for the school. He began to run desperately, like a crazed man. There were only five hundred yards to go, and he started his sprint. Soon this began to have its effect: his legs ached; his feet burned; iron claws were being raked over his lungs.

He forged past one man, then another. He burned up the distance with giant strides. He passed a Fairfield man. Coming up fast on Armstrong and Talbot, Fairfield's ace, he was suddenly startled as Armstrong, faltering badly, gasped, "Go get him, Doyle. Ankle's sprained; I'm through!"

The remaining yards of that race were never equalled in thrills or in display of grit. It is still being told in the annals of Hudson High School how "Specs" Doyle with Herculean courage beat Talbot to the tape; how, after winning, he helped Armstrong off the field; and how, as steadfast friends at Yale, they burned up the Eastern cinder paths.

Stanley Rosenblum, Term 5.

Reporter's Luck

HUGH ANDERSON opened the door and entered the *Daily Observer* office. The place had a very business-like atmosphere. Everyone was in a rush to get the work done. Office boys were running back and forth; managers were shouting orders from one end of the office to the other; and above the rest of the noise the steady click of the many typewriters could be heard. How anybody stood it, Hugh didn't know. He had worked in the office for two months, and it had seemed like a prison to him. Every day, when the hands of the clock had finally rolled around to five, he had been a nervous wreck.

Hugh was glad that office work wasn't his permanent employment, for he was in reality a detective. Under cover, he was supposed to be investigating a case of graft in the news office. To get the proper information it was necessary for him to keep in close contact with the staff; so he had taken the most obvious way and applied for a job in the office.

As Hugh reviewed the situation, he recalled how, accidentally, he had lost his post of observation. One day he had stumbled upon a big story, the best of the year, in fact, and the editor had put him on the reporters' staff. Then new troubles developed; for after his first story he had turned in only a few more write-ups, and those had always been brought in too late. Now he faced the prospect of losing all contact with the paper.

It was for this reason that he was waiting in the office on this particular morning. The boss's secretary, Daisy, had telephoned: "The editor says you're to be down here at ten o'clock sharp this morning, and see to it that you're on time." That was the way it had been for the last month. Hugh was getting tired of it. Daisy could never say politely, "The editor requests your presence at his office this morning at ten o'clock. Please try to be on time." However that was too much to expect from Daisy. But, then, she merely irritated him; the editor gave him cold shivers up and down his spine.

Today he was in for another tirade. "Not that I blame the chief," thought Hugh as he made his way through the main office. "I certainly have made one grand job of not getting stories. It hasn't been that I haven't tried, though, because I have."

He banged a door after him, and walked up to Daisy's desk, where a young fellow was perched, talking to her. His name was Buck, and Hugh rather liked him. Perhaps it was because they both had something in common, for Buck had brought in just enough stories to keep on the good side of his employer.

Buck called out now as he saw Hugh, "Well, if it isn't our little 'no story man.' Maybe he can let us in on what hasn't happened lately." And then in pretended sympathy he purred, "Oh, what's the matter, Hughie; is this town too dead for you, or are you just in the wrong place at the right time?"

Then, Daisy, not willing to let the subject pass without her views, said with a supposedly motherly instinct, "Now, Hugh, you don't go at it in the right way. I don't think you know a good story when you see it. Take, for instance, your visits every morning with the chief. Why, you could really make something out of them. For example, 'Cub reporter holds secret, lengthy meetings with editor that will probably result in—'"

The sharp buzz from the editor's office interrupted her conversation. "In his firing me," Hugh finished for her as he beat her to the door of the inner office.

"Never mind; I'll answer it," he said. "I might as well go in and get it over with, whether he wants me now or not. Good-bye Brilliant," he called to Buck, whose appearance gave every indication but that.

Taking a deep breath, he stepped into the editor's office, and unintentionally closed the door with a bang that seemed to shake the whole building. He could feel the editor's eyes staring right through him. There he was again, always doing something to make a bad start.

He looked at the chief, who growled, "What are you doing in here? I rang for Miss Ames. And the next time don't try to knock down the whole office."

"I'll send in Daisy—err—I mean Miss Ames," suggested Hugh, his courage failing.

"No, you don't; I've got something to say to you. First, close that door the way you should, and then come and sit down."

Performing the task with compressed lips, Hugh thought, "You'd think I was a little child, the way he acts."

As he walked to the chair, he remembered to watch the rug he had tripped on the day before. The chair was an antique, with a back as straight as a broomstick. When one had to sit in it a whole hour, hardly moving an inch or saying a word, he began to wonder why chairs were invented.

The chief, sitting behind his large mahogany desk, seemed to have an overbearing attitude that made Hugh feel very small and insignificant. On the desk was a name plate which had "James Peters, Editor-in-Chief," inscribed on it. The name and title were printed on the office door, too, but Hugh hardly ever saw them because he usually had his head down when he entered.

James Peters, Editor-in-Chief, carefully put an extra flourish on his signature, blotted it, folded the letter and put it in the envelope, and then threw it into the mail basket. "Now, Anderson, I've got a lot to say to you," he started. "I've had

you in this office every day for a month. I tried to tell you, I tried to show you that you had to get down to business. You sat here and listened to me, but did it do any good? No!"

He banged his fist down on the desk with such force that Hugh jumped an inch, and then he went on. "Did you bring in anything? No! Did you do any better? No! Did you do any worse? No; but simply because it was impossible. You're terrible; you just couldn't be any worse."

By this time he was shouting until Hugh's ears rang. "Let me show you how much you've done since you've been here. At first you worked in the office. The report is that you were a clock watcher, but you did your work pretty well, just the same. Then you came in with that big story about the Hudson case. Then I thought perhaps you were in the wrong place, that you weren't cut out for office work; so I put you on the reporters' staff, thinking you'd do better. Well, did you? No! No! No!"

Hugh's mouth flew open, and Mr. Peters, thinking he was going to say something, shook his finger and shouted: "Now, don't you say anything to me. You've always got some excuse. Well, I'm tired of it; you're through, and I mean it. And don't ask me for a letter of recommendation, because I won't give it to you."

"But, Mr. Peters," Hugh jumped up, protesting, "I've handed in at least four or five stories in the last two weeks."

The editor became so angry that his eyes bulged. "You handed in five stories," he sputtered, opening his desk and fumbling through the papers. Pulling out a pile, neatly clipped together, he asked in honeysweet tones, "What were you waiting for, my dear boy? Christmas? Every one of these was handed in a couple of days after they had been published in other papers. What kind of work is that? What do you think you're writing—love letters? If so, all that's missing on these is the purple ink, and kisses at the bottom. Don't try talking back, now. I tell you you're fired."

Hugh leaned on the desk, and tried to regain his self-confidence. He knew that he could do better if he could just get the breaks. "Now, Mr. Peters, I'll tell you. I know I'll get something soon. You just give me thirty days, and I'll promise to have the best little story in here that you could ask for."

Mr. Peters replied stubbornly, "You've made promises like that every day for a month. What do you take me for? What kind of a paper would this be if that were the way I ran it?"

"Sure, I know," said Hugh; "but you can't lose much on me by keeping me here thirty more days. Then, if I come through with a big story, and really get started, you'll be that far ahead."

"But most probably you won't, and I'll be out another month's salary on you," came back Mr. Peters, sarcastically. "It's against my better judgment, but I'll give you thirty more days."

As he saw Hugh's face brighten, he went on quickly: "Now don't think I'm going to let you loaf around here, and then pay you for it. I should say not. Instead you're to take Mr. Blumerspoon's place while he goes on his vacation. If you can dig up a story on the side, and get it in on time, I'll think about letting you stay."

"Mr. Blumerspoon!" gasped Hugh. "Why, he writes that 'Cupid's Consolation Column, Advice to the Lovelorn,' or whatever it is. Why, I couldn't do that."

"There don't seem to be many things you can do," shot back the editor. "Well, you either do that or get out. Which is it?"

Hugh started to decline angrily, but then said with determination, "All right, I'll do it with the understanding that, if I get a story in thirty days, you'll take me out of Mr. Blumerspoon's place."

"Of course," Mr. Peters assured him. "Why, Mr. Blumerspoon is one of the best men we have."

"All right," said Hugh, "that's settled. And you can bet your printing press I'm getting that story."

A few weeks later Buck stopped in front of one of the offices. On the door was printed "Cupid's Consolation Column: Sally Sips." Opening the door he greeted Hugh, who was seated at the desk, with his head in his hands. "I beg your pardon, but are you Sally Sips, alias L. L. Blumerspoon, alias Hugh Anderson?"

Hugh made a face intended for a smile, and heartlessly answered, "Hello, Buck. Seems good to see you."

"Well, you needn't get so enthusiastic about it. What's the matter; has this work made you love sick?"

"You know, Buck," Hugh replied hopelessly, "if I had to do this for my life work, I'd give up. Just take a look at these letters."

"They are pretty silly," Buck agreed, looking through them. "But from what Daisy and I saw of yesterday's column, you're doing pretty well."

"Thanks," Hugh said dryly. "But what I'm worried about is that story. I've only one week left, and no prospects so far."

"Well, to change the subject, I came up here to show you that even though you think I'm below the average in intelligence, I have relatives who make up for what's missing. Here's a letter from my cousin. He has just built a new-styled airship, and has a government patent and approval on it. All he needs now is a chance to advertise it, and he'll be sitting pretty. It's really very good."

"Why, say, Buck, that's a good idea," cried Hugh, jumping up. "Your cousin needs advertising and we, or I, need something to write about. So all this week we'll give him a good write-up in the paper. Then, before the end of this month, he can come here and go through a lot of stunts for the whole town. And we'll make a big issue of it. Write a story about the progress in aviation, and all that."

"But wait a minute," Buck stopped him. "What if my cousin won't come?"

"You just use your personality talk on him. Oh, come on, Buck. Help a friend along, will you?" asked Hugh. "This'll be better than nothing."

"Oh, all right," agreed Buck, "although I probably won't get anything else out of it but my first airplane ride."

Buck spent the rest of the week in Hugh's office. The office boy, running in and out with mail, thought that love must be taking some mighty strange courses. On the day before the great event was to take place, Hugh went home early to write up his big story.

On the way out he ran into Daisy. "Where's Buck?" she asked. "The chief has wanted to see him for the last two mornings, but he hasn't come."

"At ten o'clock sharp?" asked Hugh. "How well I remember that order. It seems rather good to be away from it for a month."

"Well, from all appearances you'll have a good long rest from it, because this is the twenty-ninth of the month, and I don't see your story floating in here," she remarked sarcastically.

"Well, Daisy," replied Hugh, "I always believe in taking my time."

"That's what my impression of you has been since you worked here."

Buck spent most of the important day with his cousin, and insisted upon accompanying him on his stunt flight. It turned out to be the most fearful hour of Buck's life, for with each loop he seemed to die another death.

After he had been restored safely to the ground and had regained his composure, he went back to the newspaper offices. When Daisy saw him, she told him, "You are wanted in the office immediately, and no fooling."

Buck decided to get it over with. He noticed that everyone seemed to be in a mix-up in the main office, and that things weren't running as smoothly as usual. When he got to the Editor-in-Chief's office, a man was scraping the name James Peters off the door.

Buck knocked once, and walked in. The first thing that attracted his attention was the fireplace, which had a fire in it for the first time in its history. The burning wood looked like the legs from an old antique chair. The name on the plate on the desk had suddenly changed to "Hugh Anderson, Editor-in-Chief," and behind the big mahogany desk was Hugh Anderson himself.

That gentleman laughed heartily at the surprised expression on Buck's face, and started to answer his unspoken questions. "Here, Buck, sit down on the edge of the desk, and I'll tell you all about it. Mr. James Peters has been dismissed from the *Daily Observer* office and arrested for using the papers' money for personal gain. The stockholders suspected him, and I was sent out on the case. You see, this job has been only a side line to assist me in working out this case. I really work for a detective agency. I didn't have much time to work on it, because I was kept so busy trying to keep my job here. When Peters put me on that thirty day trial, I found time to work up a case against him, and submitted the evidence to the stockholders. While they were thanking me for my good work, I dropped a hint about taking over Peter's position, and they fell for it. They appointed me to take his place, and, my good man, I shall in turn appoint you as my assistant."

When Buck had gained his composure for the second time that day, and had submitted his thanks, he interposed, "But what about my cousin?"

"Oh," replied Hugh, "we'll give him a good write-up, and print it as the first big story in the *Daily Observer*, under the new management. All right?"

"Right," agreed Buck.

June Karrow, Term 5.

The Pride of Pottsville

ONE HOT June morning Miss Manthy very carefully laid her half-knitted scarf on a sewing basket, pushed her gold-rimmed spectacles up on her forehead, scowled heavily, grunted as she rose from her chair, and lumbered over to her garden window. Very tenderly she opened the window and peered into the garden.

Miss Manthy had never been outside of Pottsville and had no education, but she was the granddaughter of the city founder and was the richest old maid in town. Miss Manthy had two interests in life: one was her garden window, and the other was her garden. Her dearly loved and worthless nephew, Chester, had put the glass in the huge, old-fashioned window when he had visited her three summers ago. As Chessie was a wonder-boy, Miss Manthy had considered it her sacred duty to enlighten the entire population of Pottsville concerning his great achievement. Therefore every one of the sixteen hundred Pottsvillians could attest to having heard the tale at least twelve times.

As to Miss Manthy's garden, it was famed throughout the country because of the variety, profusion, and quality of the flowers within it. For nine years the garden had won the first prize in the Platt County Annual Spring Flower Show, and now that show was just a week away. A committee from the P.C.A.S.F.S. had visited the garden the day before and had especially complimented Miss Manthy on her tulips and lilies-of-the-valley. They were the finest blooms she had ever had.

But now Miss Manthy had a sickening sensation that the world was coming to an end. There, running pell-mell through a bed of giant white tulips, were two boys. They were definitely barefooted, definitely dirty, and very definitely from the other side of the railroad tracks. Miss Manthy's face began to work.

"Well, I declare! Boys; horrid, dirty little boys! In my garden! An' on my white tulips! Heavens!"

She opened her mouth wider and began to bellow: "Here, you rascals! Get outa my garden! Go on, get out! I'll teach ya to stay outa my garden! Scat!"

Two startled ten-year-olds darted across the street and waited further developments from a safe distance. The smaller of the two was slightly pale under the dust and dirt of three days.

"Gee, she's a grouch! We better go 'fore she gets too sore."

"Aw, don't be a sissy, Mike. She can't hurt you. C'mon, let's go back and see what she does. C'mon! Yuh fraidy-cat. She's agoin' in. I'll punch yuh if yuh don't c'mon."

Mike looked at his idol, quaked a moment, and then resolutely started to recross the street. The two began a lively game of pitch.

In exactly forty seconds Miss Manthy heard a dull, regular thud. A vision of splintering glass rose before her. Those little rascals would break Chessie's win-

dow! Miss Manthy grew hot and then cold, and stamped downstairs as fast as her short legs, gigantic bulk, and rusty 1910 skirt would permit. Forgetting her blood pressure, she opened the door, causing the house to tremble as she did so, knocked over two pots of geraniums, stumbled over a sprinkling can, and arrived breathlessly on the top step. Two pairs of eyes blinked at Miss Manthy. The owner of the quiet brown pair proceeded to fall all over himself and the prize petunias in an effort to escape, while the brilliant blue pair remained fixed on Miss Manthy's crimson countenance with an exasperating coolness. That good lady rose unsteadily from her landing place. The garden was deserted, and two pairs of dirty heels disappeared in a cloud of June dust.

"Yah, you ran that time, Mickey! You got scairt! And you said twict that I wuz a 'fraidy-cat.' Yah!"

"Ah, shut up! Pipe down! You ran first! Talk about me runnin'! Yuh got so scairt yuh fell all over them lil' poipul an' white flowers. Betcha won't go over there agin. Yuh might git scairt! Baby!"

"Yeh—how much yuh wanna bet? I'll go over and holler an' bawl an' do ev'rythin' if you'll gimme thet green taw."

"O.K., I'll go, too."

Miss Manthy had decided that the boys had gone once and for all. She therefore prepared for her afternoon nap. Just as she was receiving first prize for her lilies-of-the-valley, a shrill yell broke into her snooze.

"Hey, Mike, I'll race yuh to thet thar apple tree!"

"Oh, no, yuh won't! Yer legs is twict as long as mine, an' thet wouldn't be fair. But I'll race yuh if'n yuh gimme a head start."

"Oh, all right, baby! Cain't run if'n yuh don't git a chanct to win!"

Miss Manthy's lilies-of-the-valley were on the route those young ruffians were going to take. She obtained a spade and the garden shears and then sallied forth into the garden. Mike was the first to see her coming, and his bravado gave way.

"Hey, Mickey, here comes th' ol' maid! We better scram!"

Mickey turned to encourage Mike, but, catching sight of the shears, decided it must be nearly time for dinner. The two plowed through a nasturtium bed, narrowly missed the lilies-of-the-valley, vaulted the fence, and disappeared down the alley.

Miss Manthy composed herself, and went to market. On her return she froze in her tracks. Not two, but three, gawky youngsters were playing ball in the garden.

Miss Manthy unlatched the gate and slipped across the garden without being noticed. She was firmly resolved that this time the boys were going to stay out of her garden. She stopped a moment to think of a way of driving them out. Mike

pitched the ball wildly, and it hit Miss Manthy's shoulder. The ball rolled about ten feet, and Miss Manthy and Mickey started after it. The third boy departed. Mike started jumping up and down and hollering:

"Mickey, git the ball! Git it! If th' ol' lady gits it, she'll keep it. Quick, Mickey, she's nearly got it!" Miss Manthy and Mickey reached the ball simultaneously. Mickey darted at it.

"Get away from that there ball, you little rascal! Go on! That ball's on my groun' and I'm goin' to take it." Miss Manthy made a variety of flying tackles, and staggered up, holding the ball triumphantly.

Mickey was speechless with anger.

"Aw, gee, mam, give us the ball back! We won't throw it no more—honest. Please, mam, we'll go home and stay ef'n you give us the ball."

Mike paused, out of breath, and looked up at Miss Manthy so appealingly that she almost relented.

But she shook her head and roared: "Ye'll never get this ball; it's mine now. I'm goin' to take you down to Sheriff Blake, an' he'll send you to th' reform school. I'll show you—comin' in an' tormentin' the life out of a poor ol' woman that never bothers anybody!"

But Mickey and Mike had forgotten the ball and were fleeing for their lives. She fired the ball at the fast disappearing boys as a final imprecation. But Miss Manthy was not a pitcher. The ball swerved wickedly and crashed through Chester's window, sending the glass flying in every direction. Miss Manthy gasped for breath and sat down in the midst of the lilies-of-the-valley. Mickey and Mike didn't stop until they reached home.

Alice Mitchell, Term 5.

FEATURES





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MARGARET FEASTER



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MARTIN BORAZ



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Shirley O'BEIRNE



PAUL POLLACK
STANLEY SCHEINER



Smart Little

Sylvia Reif



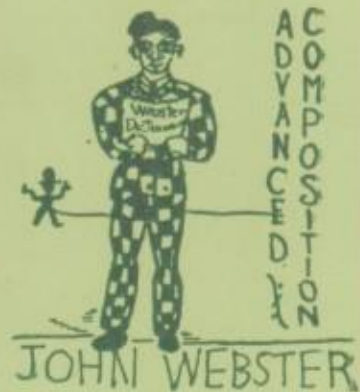
MARY ROTHCHILD



Madalyn Rudolph



ALICE ANN SPEAR



JOHN WEBSTER



Mal Bollinger



Dorothea Bumann



Dan (Gangster) Colpi



Lydia Eisenberg



Ben Schach Louis Kurtz



Dick Frey



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Miriam Levin



Dixie Ochler



Gen Wilbur Penberthy



Stanley (Mentor) Portman



Football Hero-Sammy Riezman



Ernie Robson



1960 Joseph Senna



Miriam Siegel



Let me think now



Jovial Joe Swartz



I'm little, but, oh!



Sol Ziff

Shirley Simpson CHAS. GOTTSCALK



Mr. Mann

Ruth (Pewee) Wallenstein

PUBLIC SPEAKING 1ST HOUR

Bill Baker



Junior Bowers



JOHN CAQUELARD



WILBUR CHALLIS
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Giant Killer COX



Sylvia Ehrlich



Roth Faber



Nancy Grolock



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CERTAINLY PUTS
HEART INTO HER
ACTING



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DAVID HUGHES



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Ho! Hum!



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JEROME N.



LEO F.



WILLIAM G.



WILLIAM K.



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TED P.



ROBERT MCIL.



OSCAR G.



NANCY W.



BERNARD D.



ANN S.







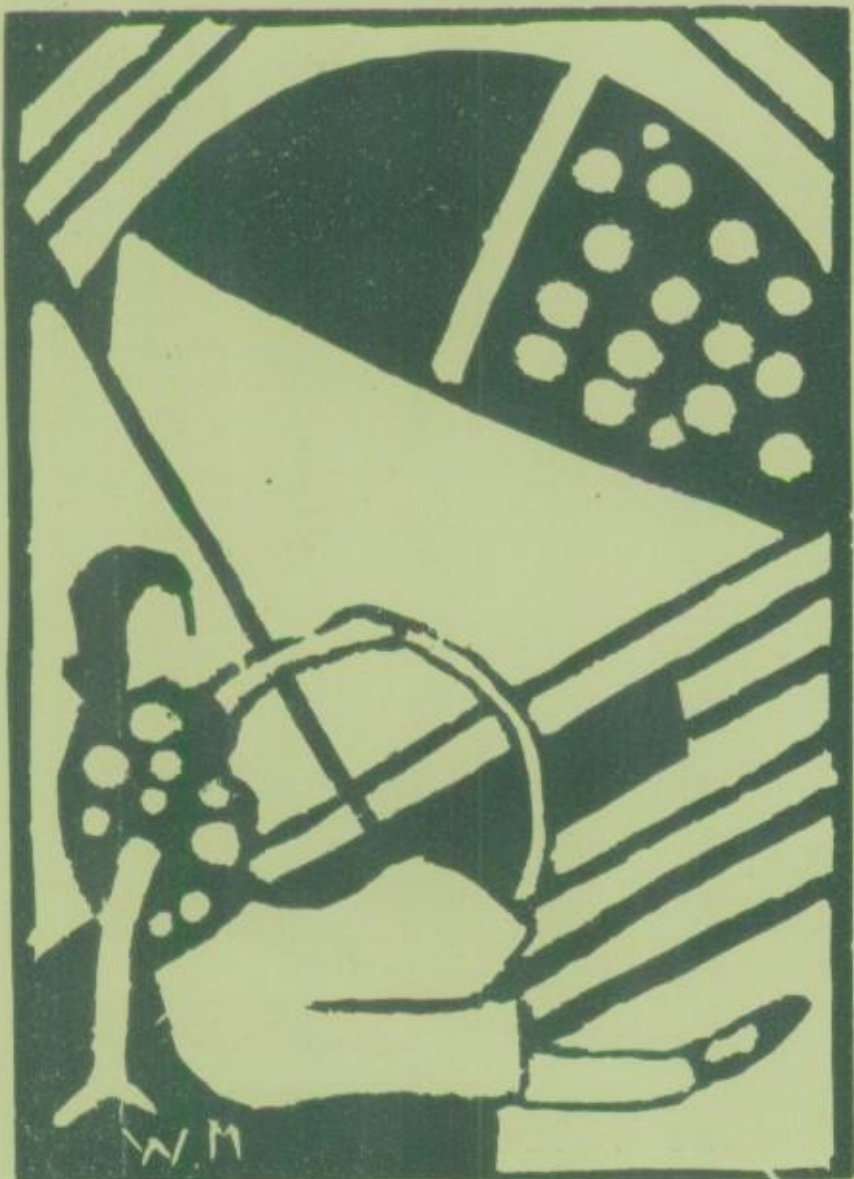












Faculty

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Literary Friends

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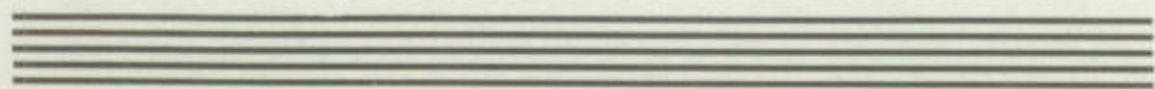
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"CAN SOMEONE
LEND ME A
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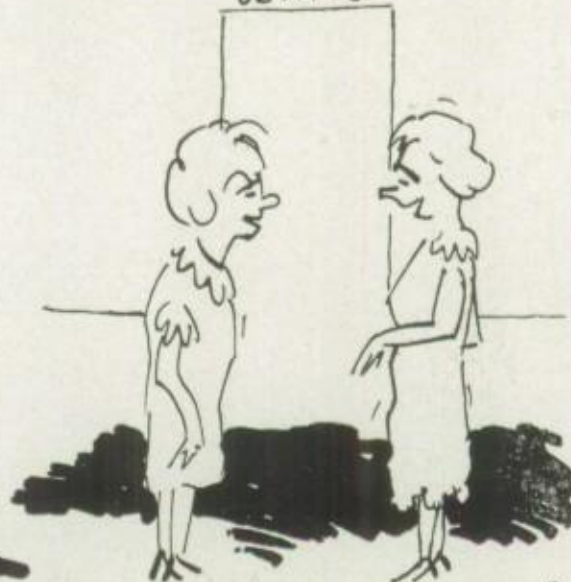
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LIBERAL EDUCATION

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Prepare! Prepare for what? For what the future holds. Are we beginning to realize that there are things of such worth that they cannot be rated in terms of dollars and cents; that the word "Success" does not begin with a dollar sign, but that it depends upon the usefulness and effectiveness of our lives? And through all the ages the educated man has been the effective man.

Yes, we need technically trained men, but the recent past has taught us that we cannot hope to carry on even in a mechanized civilization without the thinker, the man who is capable of preventing the maladjustments which the merely technically trained specialist is so likely to create. The lawyer, the doctor, the teacher, the dentist, the banker, the financier, the professional man in any field you choose is so much the better lawyer, doctor, teacher, banker and so on, if in addition to his professional training he is an educated man.

Surely the future will be brighter if in the face of our present-day depression—intellectual rather than economic—and in reply to the false prophets of the dissolution of our Western culture, we can raise up a group of intellectual and courageous young men and women eager to reassert and strive for the right objectives of civilization and culture and human effort. But for this we must

have many more liberally educated men.

The liberally educated man is the effective man, who, as Newman says in his "Idea of a University," "is at home in any society,—has a common ground with every class;—knows when to speak and when to be silent;—can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably." Is there not a lack today of men who have that education which teaches them "to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant"? In fine, Newman's idea of a University training must come to be more fully appreciated. We need more men whose education prepares them "to fill any post with credit and to master any subject with facility."

It is strange that we have lost sight, to a great extent, of so seemingly elementary a principle. It is strange we have thought that almost any type of specialized technical training could form the background for a successful and effective man's life. The future, if it is to be bright, must be dominated more and more by educated men, by thinkers trained in literature and the classics and philosophy, in the social sciences, history and sociology, political science and economics, and all that goes to make up the liberal culture of an advanced civilization.

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